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ALPINE WANDERINGS.¹

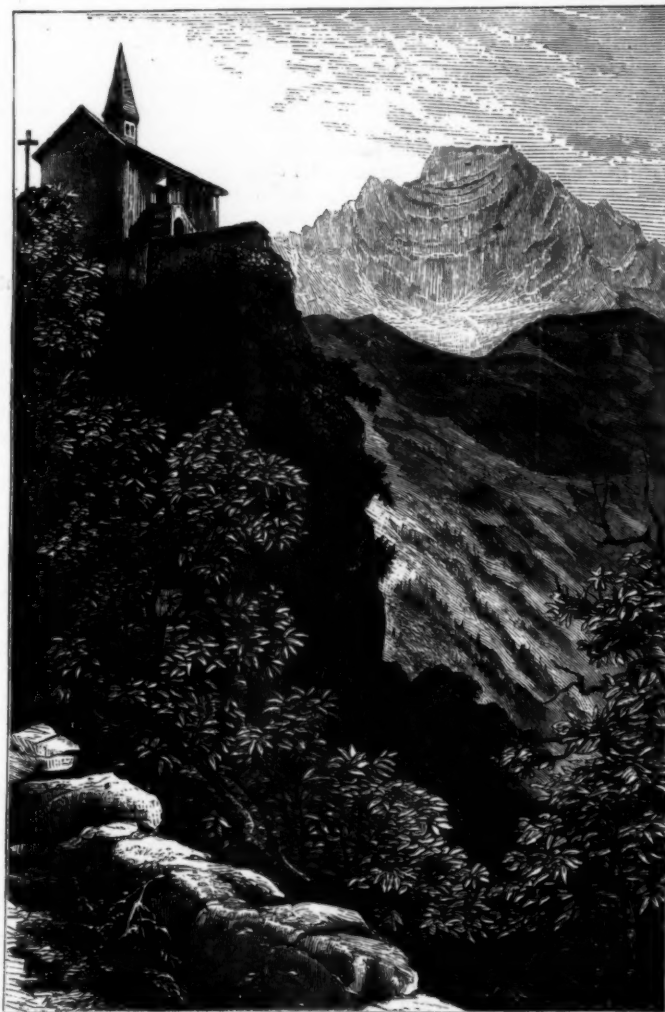
II.

PROMINENT among the villages clustering around the head of Val Rendena, one of the most charming regions of the Lombard Alps, is Pinzolo. Its houses, gathered along two stone-paved streets and around a little open space, the piazza, stand close against the eastern hillside at the point where the mountain-ranges, bending toward one another and almost joining, inclose in their semicircular folds the lower family. Great torrents rush out of two clefts in the hills, and, but for human industry, would devastate the low grounds on their banks. The beauty of the situation does not depend on the sublimity of the scenery, but the extreme picturesqueness of the surroundings. The steep hills are swathed in chestnut-woods, and the valley-floor is a smooth, brilliant-green carpet, giving an impression of wealth and softness, rendered more welcome by the knowledge of the rugged grandeur close at hand. The traveler who sojourns for a few days finds, on the near hillsides, glorious chestnut-boles, under which are platforms covered with a soft carpet of moss, ferns, and delicate southern flowers. Here, under the shade of dancing leaves, fanned by soft breezes, and lulled by the cool tinkle of falling water and the murmur of innumerable living things, which fill an Italian noon, he may enjoy, unmixed with other thoughts, the sympathetic delight of a world which seems entirely his own.

Near the village stands San Virgilio, a plain building consisting of a nave and small chancel, with a belfry, probably of older date, at the western end. The southern face is decorated with a frescoed "Dance of Death," dated 1539, a work of some spirit, and retaining traces of rich coloring. We may stroll farther across the valley to the romantically-situated chapel of San Stefano, perched high among the woods on a granite bluff above the mouth of Val di Genova. The outside is covered with representations of the life of the saint, and another "Triumph of Death," dated 1519; within is a very curious fresco of Charlemagne, the great Karl, engaged, in company with a pope, in baptizing the heathen. Close by, a long and most interesting inscription tells the history of the campaign in the course of which the great emperor penetrated this remote region. The following is a very curtailed summary of the events there recorded:

"Lupus, Lord of Bergamo, was a pagan, and Charles strove with him to convert him. But Lupus took a certain Sandro and many others and cut off their heads; whereupon there appeared six burning torches, no one holding them; and by God's grace the bells rang without earthly aid. Seeing this miracle, Lupus with all his people was converted to the Catholic

faith, and joined Charles. The host, numbering four thousand spears, marched up Val Camonica, slaying heretics, such as Lord Hercules and King Comerus, destroying castles, and building churches. Then they crossed a mountain where there was a great fight between the Christians and pagans at a place since known as Mortarolus.



SAN STEFANO AND THE CIMA DI NAFDISIO.

¹ Continued from JOURNAL of January 15th.

"From the Mons Toni (the Tonale) the army descended to Plesau (Pelizzano), where it made a great slaughter of the heathen, and so reached Val Rendena by the route of the Ginevrie Pass. And they came to the church of San Stefano and baptized a very great people. And the said Charles made an end of converting all the Jews and pagans at the church of San Stefano, and there he left a book in which were contained all the things he had done throughout the world."

From Pinzolo is a magnificent view of the pinnacles and buttresses of the Brenta group of the Alps. Before the traveler's eyes in the eastern sky loom the huge square fortresses built up of horizontal courses of masonry. The ground-color is a yellowish gray, streaked with red and black, and broken here and there by lines of shining white where a steep glacier-stair scales the precipice. The massiveness of the rocks adds to the effect of the surrounding pinnacles. Before the eye rise towers, horns, cupolas, columns, spires, crowded together in endless variety. Here one might fancy the workshop of Nature, with its store of models, or a collection of the great buildings of the world, or the spires of Sir Christopher Wren. These peaks are the advance-guard of the Tyrolean dolomites, boldly thrown across the valley of the Adige, as if to challenge on their own ground the snowy peaks of the Adamello.

The range opens an incomparable variety of beauty. On the west lies a green, open Alpine valley. The Lago di Molveno reflects in its blue mirror the eastern crags. The southern slopes are a rich tangle of vines and chestnuts. The beeches push up and dispute with the pines the inner glens. The cyclamens and gentians gird with successive belts of brightness the mountain-forms.

The traveler, when he penetrates this mountain-chain so picturesque and fantastic, finds himself at first in narrow glens watered by clear streams, now smooth-flowing over lawns of the softest turf, now dancing through beech-woods, now plunging deep into some bright miniature ravine, hung with mosses and bright-berried ashes. He forgets, in the charm of what is near at hand, what he came to see. Then suddenly through the tops an indescribable yellow flame, set forever between the green and blue, recalls the presence of the dolomites, and urges him to further exertion. He climbs a steep barrier, and the pinnacles range themselves as portions of a vast amphitheatre of rocks. He advances a few hundred yards farther along the level, and the scene is changed. One solitary tower overclimbs the clouds and mixes with the sky. A second ascent brings another shift. Rocks, gray, gold, red, brown, and black, cluster around his bewildered eyes, and he begins to doubt whether the scene is a solid reality or some Alastor-inspired vision of solitude.

At the foot of this charming mountain-retreat, nestled in a little valley, is the hospice of La Madonna di Campiglio. The existence of so large a building in so remote a place excites curiosity. But these valleys were once the highways of traffic. Not only did kings lead their armies through in those waves of war which surged back and forth from Italy during the middle ages, but the

principally merchants of Venice and Genoa sent richly-laden caravans through their roundabout paths. The Campiglio hospice was built by the Knights-Templars, to lodge the frequent passers-by and break the journey between the inhabited valleys. It has the shape of a huge quadrangle, the hospice occupying three sides, and long galleries leading from wing to wing, and giving access to all the rooms. The church, at whose building, according to local tradition, angels assisted, occupies the fourth side of the quadrangle, and has some beautiful frescoes of the fifteenth century. After a time traffic turned into other channels, and the good monks, who had served the rites of hospitality, departed, leaving a peasant farmer behind.

The Brenta group, like so many of the Alpine heights when seen at a distance, seem formidable—almost unconquerable, indeed—but, more familiarly studied, show themselves by no means beyond the reach of a tolerably bold climber.

"The mighty pyramids of stone
Which wedge-like cleave the desert air,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs."

One of the first things to attract the attention of the tourist in the Brenta group is a gigantic rock, one of the largest of dolomites, and such a monument of Nature's forces as can be hardly conceived by those who have never witnessed similar things. Its lower portions rise like the tower of Babel, of old Bible pictures; above it, a perfect precipice, an upright block, the top four or five thousand feet above. Behind this gigantic keep a vast mountain-fortress stretches out its long lines of turrets and bastions. As the traveler approaches its base the great tower rises alone and unsupported, and the boldness of its outline becomes almost incredible. It fairly challenges comparison with the Matterhorn from the Hörnli, and combines to a great extent the solid nobility of the Swiss peak with the peculiar upright structure which gives dolomite its strange resemblance to Roman architecture.

On the left a second massive rock-castle, the Cima di Brenta, connected with the Cima Tosa by a long line of flame-like pinnacles of the strangest shapes, some of them bulging near the top like a Russian steppe, strikes the eye. Long glacier ribbons, crumpled up among the cliffs, wind like silver bands through the fantastic forms.

Mr. Freshfield's attempt to make the ascent in crossing the group was at first not met with a brilliant success. The party entered a crumbling moraine, which was broken into ice *crevasses*. On either side a line of ramparts rose sheer out of the glacier in precipices of mingled murky red and ashy-tinted gray. A great valley of ice lay before them in steeply-ascending ridges. These were gradually overcome till they reached a reservoir of the winter snows at the back of Cima Tosa. The ice-field lying in advance slanted away to the west, and it soon became evident that, instead of being the real backbone of the ridge, it was one of the ribs. They were in the centre of an icy wilderness, with clouds rapidly sweeping up in front and behind. They were forced to try the glacier in front.

But the guide, who was in advance picking out the dangerous way, soon shouted out that further advance would be failure. After a hundred feet of search, he had reached the brow of an absolute precipice, so lofty that no noise announced the fall of the stones he rolled over the edge, though the shouts of the herdsman below reached them tantalizingly. They were like Bunyan's pilgrims in the enchanted ground amid the ruins of Castle Doubting, with no clew to guide them in the wilderness.

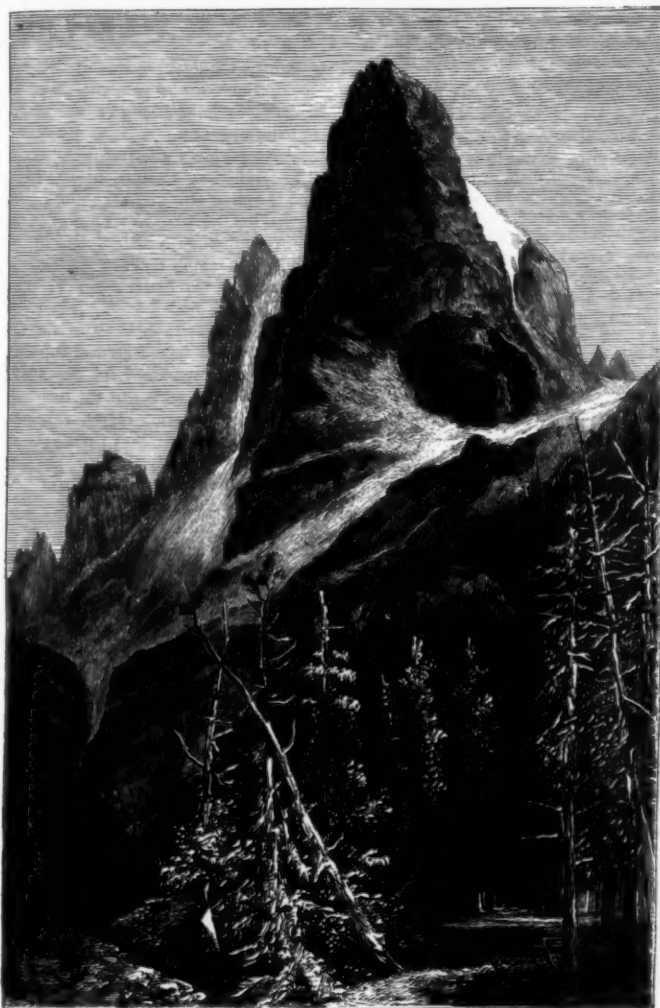
Sliding and stumbling down the ice-slope, they tramped on through the mists, constantly growing thicker. The cautious François, in advance again, halted them, for they were approaching the edge of a frightful precipice. Nothing was visible below but a mass of mist, dense with snow-flakes, while the seething clouds, which had draped the crags in their wintry mantles, whirled around them. A more dismal sight could not be imagined. They were realizing the terrors of the Alps in a spring storm, when an icy wind is added to snow and mist.

After trying devious routes, they succeeded in letting themselves down from ledge to ledge of a wall of rocks, where one false step would have been certain death, their fingers stiff with the cold, and almost unable to take a strong clutch of the rocks.

At last, however, after many narrow escapes, the party succeeded in reaching a faintly-marked track, which led them to an easier route, through which they finally gained a broad terrace-path. Suddenly, as by a stroke of enchantment, the scene changed. The gloom was broken by a dart of sunshine, and the mists instantly lifted on all sides, disclosing a view of the most dazzling beauty. They were on the outposts of a vast amphitheatre of ice and snow; below them a picturesque little group of *chalets*; beyond the beautiful valley, a rich mass of verdure, dotted by frequent villages and set off by the soft-moulded mask of new-fallen snow, which hid the hills down to the highest pine-forests. Through the skirts of the heavy mass of clouds in the west, the low sun flung Titianesque glances upon the glittering orchards. They soon reached the hamlet of San Lorenzo, where a hearty supper and good beds repaid them for the fatigues of the dangerous day, which had threatened not only suffering but severe disaster.

A few days subsequent, our explorer's pride, whetted by the previous failure, determined him to attempt the still maiden Cima di Brenta, the highest peak in the group. Henri Devouassaud, a brother of the still more famous François, was sent in search of a practicable route, and came back, after a day's absence, with a favorable report. A long, dense forest, through whose breaks the peaks of the Cima di Brenta, glacier-crowned and gleaming with a rosy light, could be seen; and, surrounding the abutments of the mountain-towers, an array of slender obelisks, beaks, and horns, the strangeness of which would astonish any eye not accustomed to the fantastic forms of the dolomites—Nature in this scenery seemed to have revelled in the indulgence of her most poetic mood.

On a knoll above a waterfall stood a



THE CIMA TOSA, FROM VAL DI BRENTA.

group of *chalets*. Here they were attacked by a gigantic bear-dog armed with a collar bristling with iron spikes. But for the ice-axes the expedition would have come to an untimely end. A tap over the nose laid the enemy low, however, and the mountaineers proceeded to wrestle with more serious dangers. After a long and arduous climb, they reached the base of the precipices of the Cima di Brenta.

Their appearance, had not their secret been guessed at before, would have been sufficiently forbidding. Over the gap by which they were to cross, our author saw an astonishing dolomite, the fac-simile of a Rhine castle, with a tall, slender turret three hundred feet high at one of the corners. Once across the ridge, the climber turns his back on all things green, and enters on a stony desert. He is within range of the mountain-batteries, and in a fair position to judge of the havoc caused when frost and heat are the gunners. Overhead tower sheer bastions of red rock. The ground at the base is strewn

with fragments varying in size from a suburban villa to a ladies' traveling-box. A dripping crag, with a scanty patch of green turf, offered a halting-place to our little expedition, and they now overlooked the lower portion of a deep trench, filled higher up by the glacier dividing the Cima di Brenta from the rock-peaks to the north.

A short distance above was the glacier-covered breach by which they felt confident the towering ice-fortress might be won with due care. To reach the level of the ice they were obliged to climb around a narrow shelf of an almost overhanging cliff, and then across a boulder-strewn ledge. The rope was used and ice-steps cut by the guides, for a misstep would result in death for any unfortunate stumbler. Our author says:

"Mounting the sides of the glacier by a ladder of steps kicked in the snow which still covered them, we quickly reached and left below precipices and pinnacles which a short time before had looked hopelessly near the sky. At the top of the steep ascent lay a miniature snow-

plain surrounded by steep, broken crags. From its farther end a sort of funnel fell through the cliffs overhanging the Bocca di Brenta.

"The summits of the Cima di Brenta were at some distance to the left, and it seemed possible there might yet be difficulties in store for us. The steep faces of rock fronting the south offered good hold for feet and hands, and, discarding the rope, we took each of us his own path. In a quarter of an hour we came to a broader part of the mountain, and surmounted in succession two snowy cupolas. The second looked like the summit, but on reaching it we saw a still higher crest beyond. Between us and it was a gap, on the north side of which lies a glacier which soon curls steeply over and falls upon the larger ice-stream at the base of the mountain. A short scramble, down and up again, brought us to the real top—a ridge of shattered crag nearly level for some distance. From here our eyes should have feasted on a view of rare beauty over the rich valleys of the Trentino to the rival peaks of Cadore and Primiero, down upon the deep-lying waters of Lago di Garda, and northward over the snowy ranges of Tyrol. But our ill-luck in distant views that season followed us to the last. Dark clouds, the forerunners of a thunderstorm, had already wrapped the distant mountain-tops, and fleecy vapors choked up the valleys at our feet. Nothing was clear but our own peak and the Cima Tosa, the huge mass of which now scarcely overtopped us by the height of its final snow-cap. We waited long and patiently for some friendly breeze to lift even a corner of the white carpet which concealed from us all that lay at the base of the precipices on the Molveno side. We prayed in vain; the weather changed only for the worse, and we did not care to risk a meeting with the thunder-cloud.

"The storm which broke on us during the descent prevented any attempt to vary the morning's route until we reached Val Nambino, when we turned off to the left, and hurried down to rejoin our companions at Pinzolo."

The open Alps on the other side of the Brenta group are rich in dense forests, and a rank undergrowth of ferns, flowers, and wild fruit, welcome to dry-throated travelers. Here at all times the traveler may meet parties of villagers laden with baskets of bilberries, strawberries, and raspberries. Suddenly a new color shines among the branches, as one approaches the blue shore of a large sheet of water hemmed in on every side by cliffs and woods. By such a solitary pool might have sat old Saturn:

"Forest on forest hung above his head,
Like cloud on cloud."

In the centre the water is dark blue as an Egyptian night; round the rim fallen pine-trunks are strewn in disorder along the bottom, and dye the border of the water the deepest hue of red. Below the lake, smooth, wall-like cliffs threaten the valley, and huge rock-cliffs again bury the stream, giving, by their rough, unclothed surface, an air of desolation to the landscape. When the water suddenly gushes out, a noble fountain, half of its waters are at once seized and imprisoned afresh in stone channels, which conduct them to carry refreshment and verdure to the valleys below.

At the eastern base of the dolomitic chain, more than seven thousand feet below its crowning crags, lies a deep trough, which, descending in steep cliffs into the valley of the Adige, slopes more gently toward the

west. A considerable portion of this depression is filled by the Lago di Molveno, one of the largest of high Alpine lakes. The village of the same name, more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and close to peaks nearly eleven thousand feet high, is the natural headquarters for the exploration of the neighboring mountains. As the traveler wends his way toward the secluded loneliness of this spot, he hears the chime of the sonorous church-bells pealing on the air, for Molveno is rich in houses of worship, though poor in houses of entertainment. The surrounding meadows in June are rich with tiger-lilies, and lined with pine-girt pools. The belt of forest passed, through a green vista is seen the lovely Molveno water gleaming in sunshine, confined on one side by a steep brow, on the other by the bold buttresses of the Brenta group. The village on the shore is reached by zigzag paths, and it is found resting on a little bay of singular beauty, shut in by steep banks, and spanned by a wooden bridge. The picture is so beautiful as to remind the spectator rather of the imaginative landscape of a great painter than any other Alpine scene.

From Molveno our mountain explorers determined to attack the Cima Tosa. Nowhere does a climber's attempt appear more ambitious and hopeless than in a dolomitic country. The broken crags serve as scales by which to measure distance and emphasize height. There is none of the encouraging but deceitful monotony of snow-slopes. As the treadmill path leads steadily upward, huge towers, which half an hour before seemed to pierce the sky, sink and give place to another tier of battlements. After a tedious and leg-trying climb, one finds himself at last facing the Cima Tosa. Two fields of ice, lying at different levels, clothe its shoulders, over which rises a frowning head of rock. Below and behind lies a strange tableland, pierced by a deep punch-bowl, as if it had been recently drained on a witches' Sabbath.

The Cima Tosa is everywhere cliff-girt, and it is difficult to decide where to attack it. The spot selected promised but little, but the guides pronounced it the most practicable place. Let us sketch the effort in our author's own words:

"After a few yards' scrambling the foot of an absolute wall was reached. Its height may be estimated by the fact that our rope, sixty feet long, just sufficed to pull a man up the whole of it. It was, therefore, some ten feet less than the rope. But, although practically perpendicular throughout, and at the top even considerably overhanging, so much so that in descending I tried in vain, sitting on the edge, to watch the progress of my predecessor, it was not dangerous or even difficult. Leave on any wall bricks projecting throughout and send a man to the top of it with a rope, it is no hard matter for any one of moderate activity and nerve to follow. No strain may be put on the rope round your waist, yet it is a sort of moral banister which places one completely at one's ease.

"This crag scaled, the rest of the way, though steep, proved easy. The rope was left, and we scrambled, as we liked, up alternate rocks and snow-beds until the final snow-dome of the mountain was gained.

"The view resembled, in general character,

those from the Adamello summits, except that the neighboring snow-fields hid the Swiss Alps, and in revenge the upper end of Lago di Garda lay, a blue, polished sheet, beneath the broad back of Monte Baldo.

"The neighboring tower or buttress, so noble from the Val di Brenta, was now a stone's-throw below us. Its top may some day be reached, but there is a gap to be crossed, and the Matterhorn has not more awful precipices. A long trough, filled with the snows which break off year by year from the mountain-crest, falls three thousand feet, at an almost uniform angle, on to the Val di Brenta side of the Bocca. A party of steady, patient men with ice-axes might mount or even descend it in safety, but it is a place where haste or carelessness would mean broken necks.

"It is easy to return by the ordinary route to the corner whence the peak was first seen, and then traverse ledges to the top of the Bocca. The way from the pass to the plain beneath the great tower lies along the bottom of a trough, snow-filled and steep above, then more level and grassy. The last descent is made by a stony zigzag on the right-hand side of the cleft. Run down it as swiftly as you may, and then fling yourself on your back among the creeping pines and look up straight into the sky, where more than four thousand feet overhead the vapors meet and part round the astounding rock-tower which shoots up solitary and unsupported until its top is lost in the sky. Nowhere in the Alps will you gain so strong an impression of sheer height.

"Then, careless of 'times,' and leisurely, as if your sinews had not been strung up by a severe climb, loiter through the strawberry-beds and linger at the *malghe* until the sun shines only on the great Lares snow-fields, and the lower world is cool in shade and rich in color."

"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Nature has known no change, felt no decay,
For untold ages in this ancient land;
Her dark woods wave, her rivers hold their way,
Majestic as when first from Nature's hand;
Down the dread depths, as in the dawn of time,
The raging cataracts their waters urge."

THERE is no danger in the matter—only the discomfort of being thoroughly drenched and rendered almost senseless by the volume of pouring water. I do not hear the conversation—that is reported to me later—but I have a suspicion of what causes the delay, and I am not greatly surprised when Charley emerges from behind the fall, bearing Sylvia's dripping figure.

"She has fallen into the water!" everybody cries, and we rush toward the stone on which he places her.

But she does not receive us very graciously. As soon as she is able to gasp anything, she says:

"Why do you come and stare at me? Of course I am wet, but that is not terrible. It was my own fault"—Charley's conscience-stricken expression of countenance causes this statement, perhaps—"and I shall simply have to go back to the hotel."

"Indeed you must!" I say, "or you will be ill. There is not a dry thread on you."

"You must take some brandy at once," says Eric, producing a flask.

"How on earth did you chance to fall?" asks Mrs. Cardigan.

"I think the sooner you start, and the faster you ride, the better," says Mr. Lanier, solicitously.

"Suppose we all go back?" says Eric. "The rain has detained us until it is late, and the other falls are much more difficult of access than this one. You will find the bushes—through which you will have to break in reaching them—very wet; and, altogether, we had better defer the remainder of the expedition."

We all agree to this. It is late, it is wet, and Sylvia's dragged appearance has a depressing effect upon our spirits. Poor Charley is evidently a prey to the liveliest sentiments of remorse and regret. He does not, as usual, assert his right to put Sylvia on her horse, and it is only after she has been elevated to the saddle by Mr. Lanier that he rides to her side and says:

"I can't possibly tell you how sorry I am that I should have been rude enough to cause your accident. I offer my most sincere apologies."

"The accident does not matter at all," replies Sylvia, indifferently.

When Aunt Markham sees this young lady she is of a different opinion, and hurries her away to change her dress, swallow hot draughts, and be coddled generally. In the course of an hour or two, however, she emerges in as bright looks and bright spirits as ever. I do not think that she attached any importance to the little scene behind the fall, or the trenchant monosyllable she was provoked into uttering; but Charley is of a different mind, and when she appears he is guilty of one of those acts of folly which even the wisest men commit in such matters.

"I believe this is a piece of your property—which I have no right to retain," he says, coming up to her as she sits on the piazza, with the rest of the party gathered in a group around, and he detaches the knot of blue ribbon from his coat and presents it with an air of overwhelming courtesy.

A quick flush springs to her face. She is hurt and surprised, but few women are not able to hold their own when placed on the defensive like this. The eyes which glance up at him have a gleam in their soft depths.

"Yes, it is mine," she answers, quietly. "Thank you for restoring it."

Then she takes the ribbon, fastens it carelessly on the side of her "bonny-brown hair," and turns to Mr. Lanier with a smile.

"Is it the worse for passing a night on Castle Rock?" she asks.

"Not when *you* wear it," he answers, a flash of brightness lighting up his face.

After this a return of hope plainly comes to this gentleman, and once more he is Sylvia's loyal slave. I do not wish to say that she absolutely encourages him, but with Charley on one side to enrage, and Mrs. Cardigan on the other to disappoint, the temptation to do so is strong—and not altogether resisted.

The next day we make an expedition to the other falls, and find their beauty worthy

of all praise. Where the High Fall leaps in splendor through the dark-green woods that echo its reverberating roar, and where the Triple Falls sweep in white cascades over successive ledges of rock, one feels that "their colors and their forms" are indeed

"An appetite—a feeling and a love
That has no need of a remoter charm."

Along all its short course the Little River is a marvel of beauty, and the day cannot be far distant when tourists will seek its picturesque banks as they now seek better-known places. Indeed, nothing save its remoteness from railroads—remoteness that would gladden Mr. Ruskin's soul, but which has altogether a contrary effect on the souls of the inhabitants of the country—can account for the fact that this region is now so little frequented. To artists it offers a field wild, fresh, infinitely varied, and in some aspects scarcely less grand than that Western scenery which many of them cross a continent to study; while to sportsmen its attractions are not less great. The speckled trout fill its streams, deer still abound in the coverts of its forests, and he who chooses to seek the wild fastnesses of the Black and the Balsam Mountains may carry back bear-skins and bear-stories in memory of his adventures.

We spend several days at Buck Forest, and there are other hunts, of which the result is different from those two already recorded. No less than three deer "die the death" out in the dewy haunts of the green-wood—two beautiful does and a fine stag. Eric, who shot the last, presents its antlers to Mrs. Cardigan, in fulfillment of his promise. Sylvia, however, does not obtain the fawn for which she expressed a desire. But for that unlucky hour at the Bridal-Veil Fall, she might perhaps obtain it; but Charley, who alone is likely to take any degree of trouble to gratify her, has since then stood resolutely on his dignity, and informs me confidentially that she has no heart—only a large amount of vanity, which he has sternly determined to gratify no longer.

I laugh (to myself) over this statement. I have heard something like it on several similar occasions, though I am forced to admit that the breach between these two seems wider and more serious now than ever before. They treat each other with a politeness that is overpowering, but their merry warfare of words is at an end, and on our various expeditions it is no longer Charley who rides at Sylvia's side, but always Mr. Lanier.

At the end of a week we go to Caesar's Head, which place of resort lies over the border of South Carolina. Four thousand five hundred feet above the ocean stands the mountain—an outlying spur of the Blue Ridge—which bears this name because on the abrupt precipice that forms its southern face the jagged rocks wear the rude outline of a profile, supposed (no man can say why) to resemble that of Caesar. On the summit, open to all the airs of heaven that blow, stands an excellent hotel, where from June to October a tide of visitors come and go.

From Buck Forest to this point the distance is short. We leave the former place in the afternoon, and drive five or six miles

along the road leading to Jones's Gap, the principal highway between Transylvania and Upper South Carolina. This gap is said to be one of the most beautiful and the most easily crossed along the line of the Blue Ridge; but we do not follow it far enough to judge how well its reputation is deserved. By the time that we are fairly hemmed between the walls of the gorge, a road turns off, ascending a mountain, and a sign-board says "Caesar's Head."

We follow the road and wind upward for two or three miles, with greenness surrounding us, through which scarcely a ray of sunlight steals, with the musical dash of unseen water in the glens below, with feathery ferns lining the road, and glancing streams dashing brightly across our way. So gradual is the ascent that there is very little strain on the horses, and now and then there are level stretches where they trot easily, and the equestrians canter so far ahead that we only catch an occasional gleam of Sylvia's blue veil through the interlacing foliage.

As we mount higher, the sun's level lines of gold stream into the forest-depths and make a quivering mystery of delight through the wide-spreading boughs, among the brown, mossy boles, in the beds of tall ferns—the woods seem spellbound into silence by the mellow glory of the waning afternoon. Involuntarily Eric murmurs those lines which, old and well known as they are, some days of this matchless season bring ever to one's mind:

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die!"

"I call it insufferable to remind one of that fact," says Mrs. Cardigan. "As if we did not know it, or as if we cared to remember it!"

"Or as if to-morrow would not be as lovely," I chime in. "I hope nobody will suggest that, on top of this mountain, days are ever other than perfect. Ah, what a view!—Eric, stop the horses, pray, and tell us what it is."

Eric stops the horses obediently, and with one accord we rise in the carriage. We have not attained the summit yet, but we feel that it can scarcely offer anything finer than this view of heights so near at hand that their massive proportions stand fully revealed, draped in the softest haze. One bare rock of immense size towers among the wooded sides, and beyond is a glimpse—only a glimpse—of a marvelous gleaming expanse, stretching away until it melts into the sky.

"How like the ocean!" says Aunt Markham, alluding to the last. "There surely must be ships out yonder.—Alice, we have seen nothing so beautiful as this!"

I do not contradict the assertion, nor remind the speaker that she has not had the advantage of standing on the Black Mountain. I, too, am more than half inclined to think that we have seen nothing more beautiful in all our wanderings.

"What is that rock, Eric?" I ask.

"It is the Table Rock," Eric answers.

"Apart from the mountain on which it rests, it is five hundred feet in height."

"There seems to have been a difficulty about finding names for all these places," says Mrs. Cardigan, "else why should the nomenclature be so much repeated? This is not the Table Rock we saw from the Black—"

"Hardly," Eric laughs. "That was on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, in North Carolina; this is on the southern side, in South Carolina.—Yes, we are coming!"

This is addressed to Charley, who has cantered back to beckon us forward. "You'll miss the sunset from the Head if you don't come on!" he shouts. "We are three-quarters of a mile from the top yet."

So, we go on, and before long Eric turns the horses from the road, drives up an eminence, and stops.

"Here is the Head," he says. "You must go out on the rock for the view."

It is only a few yards from the place where he has paused to the jutting rock, scattered over with gray boulders, which is the point of lookout. We go to the verge and pause—mute. What can one say of such a prospect as this which is spread before us unto the "fine faint limit of the bounding day?"

At our feet the mountain drops in a sheer descent of eighteen hundred or two thousand feet to the plain below, and, looking immediately down, the eye rests on a dark-green sea—the top of a dense forest, which clothes its base and spreads across a wild gorge to the chain of mountains which bounds the view on the right.

These are the mountains of which we have already had a partial view, and we see them now in all their grandeur, with the delicate haze wrapping them like smoke, and deepening on each successive height as they recede away. South and east, with counties spread out like pleasure-grounds, and hills standing like mounds, the plains of South Carolina extend and fade into azure distance. There is no line of trending hills, however remote, to form a boundary upon which the eye can rest. On the contrary, we feel that only the infirmity of our vision keeps us from seeing Charleston itself down by the sea, as our gaze is lost in the glimmering mist where land and sky blend together, while over the whole wide scene a magical blue light hangs like a glamour of enchantment.

"It is the dizziest place I ever looked over," says Mr. Lanier, retreating from the edge of the precipice. "Heavens! if a man were to fall!—Upon my word, Kenyon, unless your life is insured, I would advise you to be a little more cautious."

But Charley—who is seated on the verge, with his legs dangling over—only laughs.

"My life is not insured, but I don't mean to furnish you with a sensation by falling over," he says.—"I've been all through this forest below here deer-hunting," he goes on, addressing the rest of us. "You can imagine what kind of a place it is from its name—'The Dismal.'"

"All of you stop talking for a minute," says Eric, "and listen. Do you hear anything like the faint roar of distant waters?"

We are all silent for the space of a minute. Then Mrs. Cardigan says:

"I hear it—it is wind among the trees below, is it not?"

"I hear it also," says Sylvia, "and it seems to come from there." She points as she speaks to a deep, dark ravine, between the mountains.

"You are right," says Eric. "It does come from there, and it is the voice of the Saluda Falls. In some states of the atmosphere you can hear it much more distinctly

goes down in glory, turning the heights to violet, edged by burning gold. It is not here that the chief beauty of the prospect lies, however, but on the wide plain, with its changing tints, and the transparent shimmering belt of color that encircles its vast line of sky.

It is difficult to make up our minds to leave the scene even after the dusk shades of twilight have begun to deepen over it, and Eric is at last compelled to order us peremptorily to the carriages. It is a short drive to the hotel, which stands on the crest of the mountain, with the wonderful view visible from all its windows—a place of which to dream, for rest, or work, or, best of all, for the recovery of lost or shattered health.

"The air is like a tonic," people say who come here and, instead of leaving after a hurried glance at the prospect, are wise enough to remain for days or weeks; yet, in truth, no tonic was ever compounded of half the life-restoring properties which it possesses. For lightness, dryness, and purity, it cannot be surpassed, while it stimulates like an elixir of vitality, and is more brilliant

in its clearness than can be imagined.

How cordially we are received by the pleasant host and hostess, and how well entertained, it is not easy to relate—but are not these things written in the book of memory? Truly there are some charming havens along the journey which men call life; and this mountain-lodge is one of them. Aunt Markham is pleased at once by the spotless cleanliness which distinguishes the house, the excellent and abundant table, the ordering of the whole *ménage*.

"I have been in many more pretentious hotels, where things were not half so well managed," she says.

We find a small company—small, because the cool September nights, which make us draw gladly round the blazing fires, are driving foolish people down to the low-country, where heat and dust still reign supreme. It is gratifying to relate that among this company are the friends whom Mrs. Cardigan expected to meet, and concerning whom some of us have been incredulous. Mr. Charlton and his party are gone, and Sylvia laughs when she learns that the Duponts have been here.

"Fancy," she says to me, "they passed Buck Forest the day we ascended Rich Mountain! Don't you *know* that, if they had imagined for a moment that we were there, they would have stopped?"

"It is a pity they did not," I answer.

"Adèle might have soothed Charley's feelings, while Monsieur Victor could have played third string to your bow."

She does not notice this remark.

"I wonder where they can have been all this time?" she says, and turns back to our hostess to inquire.

When we separate for the night, Eric asks if we wish to be waked for the sunrise the next morning, and receives an uncompromising negative in reply. We do not gain very much by our refusal, however, since a party of more enterprising tourists are determined not to miss the phenomenon; and they walk about the passages at daylight, knock loudly on each other's doors, and call upon Jane, and Eliza, and Caroline, to wake, in tones which rouse not only Jane, Eliza, and Caroline, but also every one else in the house.

At breakfast Aunt Markham asks what are our plans for the day.

"Our plans for the day," replies Sylvia, "may be briefly defined. We intend to go to the Head, and—sit there. That view is like the ocean in two respects: first, because of its immensity; secondly, because I feel sure one can never weary of it."

"You are right," says a lady across the table. "I have been here six weeks, and I do not feel any more as if I had exhausted it than I did on the first day I came."

After breakfast we carry out this programme: we go to the Head, and sit there. It is the softest and fairest of half-summer, half-autumn days, with fleecy clouds floating in battalions across the sky, and flinging their shadows over the far-stretching prospect. The winds which come to us are laden with freshness, and the varying lights and shades upon the scene make a picture of which it is impossible to weary. We spend the morning in the idlest fashion, climbing over the rocks, seeking shelter from the sun in the cool shade of that cave-like cleft which forms Cæsar's mouth, sketching a little, talking a great deal.

"I realize now," says Sylvia, "how an eagle feels when—

'Clasping the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.'

"I should not be surprised if some one of this party would add to the resemblance by falling like a thunderbolt," says Mr. Lanier, uneasily. "You must all have very steady heads to climb so recklessly over these rocks. I confess it makes me exceedingly giddy."

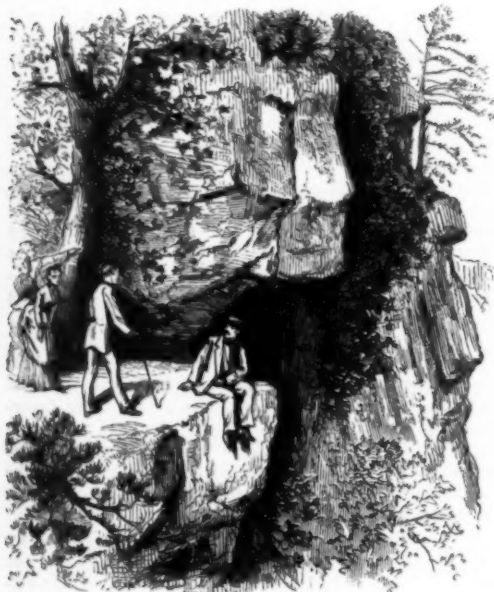
"Then I should strongly advise you to choose the safe obscurity of the background," says Charley. "This is not a height to be tampered with.—Hallo, Rupert! what are you about?"

"Only thinking of climbing this tree."

The tree in question grows on one of the escarpments of the precipice, and looks as if it would be a dizzy perch for an owl. Eric walks up to the young gentleman who regards it with climbing intentions, collars, shakes, and leads him away.

"Don't let me hear of your doing so foolhardy a thing!" he says. "I hoped you had more sense."

"What an admirable place this would



"'It is the dizziest place I ever looked over.'"

than we do now. Yet, as the crow flies, the falls are at least three miles distant."

"And as the crow *doesn't* fly, they are considerably farther," remarks Charley. "I give you all warning that, if you let Eric persuade you to go there, you may prepare for the roughest time you have had yet. The road is dreadful as far as it extends, but after you leave it you have to climb a thousand feet up and seven hundred down before you reach the falls."

"Can't one go on horseback?" asks Sylvia.

"No—the horse was never born that could climb where you have to go!"

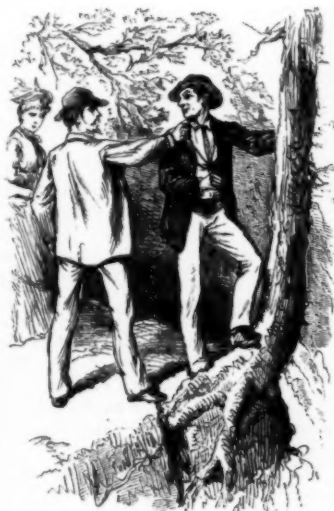
This does not sound very encouraging; but after all our experiences we do not suffer ourselves to be dismayed by the prospect of a little hard climbing. We only smile, and, seated on our rocky height, with the world spread far below, watch the beautiful evening lights, the wonderful soft shadows, shift and play over the great landscape, with its ineffably distant horizon.

All around this horizon, as the sun drops behind the western mountains, there comes a radiant, luminous glow—opalescent as the sea appears at sunset or sunrise. I have never seen any other place which abounds in such marvelous atmospheric effects as Cæsar's Head, and we are fortunate in witnessing some of the most lovely of these. Beyond the mountains on our right, a farther pale-blue range extends, and behind these the sun

have been for some Indian lovers to put an end to their existence!" says Mrs. Cardigan. "I wonder they never thought of leaping from it!"

"What a blessing that they did not!" says Sylvia.

Having devoted the morning to the Head,



"Don't let me hear of your doing so foolhardy a thing!"

we are conducted by our host in the afternoon to a place a mile or two distant, called Stony Point, from which we have an admirable view of the whole face of the mountain as it sweeps round in a horseshoe curve, inclosing in its arms that dark forest known as the Dismal. We realize its grandeur more strikingly from this point than even from the summit, marking distinctly its great face of rock extending for miles, and seeing that on its cliff of lookout a human figure dwindles to a hardly discernible pigmy. Immediately in front of us, as we sit enthroned on the broken masses of stone from which the point takes its name, lies the wild Saluda gorge and the bold face of Table Rock, with a plumage of dense forest spread over all the intervening space, and ravishing tints of softest blues, and purples ranging in hue from faintest mauve to richest royal, on the splendid mountain-chain. We are on the left of the Head, and, when we turn our gaze southward, the gleaming world of the low-country lies below us, the westering sun shining on the roofs and spires of Greenville, which is the most considerable town that we overlook.

The next day Eric announces that we must go to Saluda Falls.

"It is our most important expedition," he says. "After that we can take our time in exploring the different points of interest around the mountains."

Nobody demurs, so the wagon and the saddle-horses are ordered.

"It is useless to think of taking the phaeton over that road," Eric says, in a tone which is calculated to give one a very poor opinion of the road indeed.

Sylvia, Charley, and Mr. Lanier, are, as usual, on horseback. Mrs. Cardigan sits by Eric on the seat of the wagon, while chairs are placed behind, in country fashion, for Rupert and myself. Now, if any one wishes to test the extreme of discomfort, let him attempt to sit on a chair in an open vehicle of such shallow depth that it amounts to no depth at all, and be conveyed over the steepest and roughest of mountain-roads. We endure it for a little while, then, as a particularly steep descent and sharp curve appears before us, Rupert makes a flying leap and alights on the ground.

"That is preferable to being pitched out, as I should have been," he says. "You had better follow my example, Alice."

I decide before long that I will do so, for the road is simply terrible.

"It was only made last year," Eric says, by way of apology; and Mrs. Cardigan raises her eyebrows as she asks, "Do you call it made now?"

In fact it is *not* made, farther than that the trees and undergrowth have been cut away sufficiently to admit of the passage of a vehicle—if passage it can be called when the wheels graze the trunks of trees that line the way, when the turns are so abrupt that only the most careful driving could save any wheeled conveyance from an overturn, and only the best of springs stand the constant jolting over stumps, and roots, and stones. Presently we reach a point where the wagon must be left, and where the equestrians are told to dismount.

"The mountain behind Paint Rock was child's-play to that!" says Mrs. Cardigan, addressing Sylvia, and pointing to the height over which we have to climb before we can obtain a glimpse of the falls.



The New Road.

"Not exactly child's-play—only good training," answers Sylvia, taking off the water-proof which served her as a riding-skirt and throwing it over her saddle.

Certainly Charley was right. Nothing which we have been called upon to under-

take before can equal this which we attempt now. Of the nearly perpendicular ascent over rocks and through dense undergrowth, language fails me to speak. Now and then—breathless with climbing, disordered in attire—we pause and ask each other if anything that may be in store for us can possibly repay us for such an exertion.

It is the highest possible tribute to the falls that we answer this question unhesitatingly in the affirmative when we finally reach the point from which their beauty fully bursts upon us.

A stream of flashing silver, of white foam and misty spray, leaps in successive cascades through a world of green foliage, over massive walls of rock, down a mountain-gorge hundreds of feet in depth, and, not content with this journey from the clouds, tumbles, whirls, and surges, over the rocks as it pours through the ravine.

The magnificence of the scene almost takes away our breath, and hushes all terms of admiration on our lips. There are no words which would not sound trivial and impertinent with the thunder of the cataract in our ears and its tumultuous splendor before our eyes. We looked for nothing half so beautiful, half so majestic in its beauty, as this, and we feel as if we had wandered carelessly into a sanctuary. All around tower the mountains, clothed to their crests with virgin forest, far up—where the green line of trees meets the blue of the overarching sky—we catch the first silvery gleam of the water as it plunges downward, and we mark it leap from point to point, over crags, and precipices, and masses of rock, until it reaches the place where we stand.

"The height of the entire fall is seven hundred feet," says Eric, when he thinks that we are all as much impressed as can be desired. "And the veil yonder—that lovely cascade about midway—is one hundred and fifty."

"Can one go behind that veil?" asks Mrs. Cardigan, with a mischievous glance at Sylvia.

"One can go behind it with a pretty good certainty of being well wetted," Charley answers. "I'll take you up there if you say so."

"I believe I would rather have a more careful guide," she says, glancing at Mr. Lanier.

But that gentleman pays no heed to the mute appeal. He is not fond of unnecessary climbing, and has already remarked that he thinks a waterfall can be best seen from the foot of it.

"One appreciates its height then," he says, "and really, if there was a greater volume of water here, this would be one of the finest cataracts in the country."

"I do not think that anything could make it more beautiful," says Sylvia, with her head thrown back, and her gaze fastened on the far depths, where, over battlemented rocks, and amid a wealth of verdure, the flashing water leaps, sending its spray and voice heavenward.

And in this opinion we agree. Nothing could add to the grandeur of this gorge, into which the slanting sunbeams scarcely pierce,

and where, amid the misty gloom, the voice of the stream unceasingly sounds, telling to the silent earth some secret whispered first on that ancient day when time itself had birth. We linger for hours, and at last tear ourselves reluctantly away—pausing for one last glance after another at the plunging water, the abounding foliage, and picturesque rocks, which form a scene so beautiful that the most insensible sight-seer could never forget it.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "WALTER'S WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"SOME one has been to call," observed Mrs. Campden to her companion, as, driving up the carriage-sweep within an hour or so of dinner-time, her sharp eyes remarked the recent traces of wheel and hoof. "I should not wonder if it was Lady Blanche Ealing."

"Mr. Holt and the boys were going to the sports, were they not?" returned Mrs. Dalton, not, it must be confessed, with any signs of overpowering interest in the question; for the last two hours her thoughts had been at home—watching for her husband's telegram; and neither the calls, nor her companion's conversation, had been able to secure the attention which she would fain have given to them.

"My dear Edith"—she spoke with an emphasis dictated by a due sense of the fitness of things—"you don't suppose I should have sent out anything but the dog-cart with that Mr. Holt? There has been a pair of horses here—look at the hoof-marks. It is very annoying if it has been Lady Blanche, for that will be the second time I have missed her. Such a charming person; the Earl of Beesfampton's daughter, and, socially speaking, the lady of this part of the county.—Who has called, Marks?" asked she, of the butler, who received them at the hall-door.

"No one, ma'am—leastways, Mr. Dimple came on some business about the church-sittings; but it would do just as well, I was to say, with his compliments, another day."

"But some carriage has been here, besides the dog-cart."

"Oh, yes, ma'am; the barouche. Master took out the young ladies in it."

"Is there any message for me, Marks?" inquired Mrs. Dalton, unable any longer to bear her suspense, though unwilling enough to interrupt the inquiries of her hostess.

"Yes, ma'am; a telegram: Miss Jenny has it." The invalid girl had been for so many years a child-guest at Riverside, that in old Marks's eyes she was still Miss Jenny, and would probably remain so forever. "She is up in her own room, I think, ma'am."

Mrs. Dalton flew up-stairs to the apartment thus indicated, where she found Jenny

upon her spring-couch—the unwonted fatigues of the day having somewhat exhausted her frail frame.

"O mamma! there is a telegram from papa."

"What is it, child?" inquired her mother, anxiously. Jenny put the slip of paper in her hand without speaking.

"*Shall come by the 6.30 train, as proposed.*"

"NOMP."

"Why, what does he mean by *Nomp*?"

"I am afraid it means he is not elected; he wished us to understand, without telling others, that he was no M. P.; at least, that is what I make it out to be."

"Dear, dear!" sighed Mrs. Dalton.

"I am very sorry, upon papa's account, mamma, because I am afraid he will be disappointed; but except for that—you know we have often agreed that he will be happier as he is."

Mrs. Dalton did not reply, but withdrew at once to her own room. There was something in the bareness of the communication that she had just received—though telegrams are not expected to be effusive—that chilled her, and seemed to give an additional seriousness to the missive of the morning. The latter had enjoined silence upon her as regarded her husband's anticipations of the election, and even now that it was over he seemed to have a disinclination to make known the result. What did this reticence augur in one who had been wont—until of late months—to be the most frank and demonstrative of men? It was true that he had given utterance to no expression of annoyance, but the brevity of his message spoke to her in language she alone understood, of the chagrin and bitterness he was enduring. "No M. P." was all he had said; but no "Form" with which the telegraph-company could have supplied her would have been sufficient to contain her paraphrase of those few letters. She was consumed with vague apprehensions upon his account; for she knew not *why* her husband should be thus cast down, and that was the most bitter thought of all. She was far too wise, however, to consult upon such a matter with a third person, or to allow others to read her anxiety; and she presently descended to the drawing-room, to await her husband's arrival, as though only dinner had been in prospect. She found the rest of the company already assembled there, and became at once conscious that something unpleasant had occurred among them. The quarter of an hour before dinner-time is proverbially an embarrassing period, but it was obvious that on this particular occasion it had been a very uncomfortable one. Her first glance, mother-like, was given to her own belongings, and, so far as they were concerned, it seemed that the explosion—which had certainly taken place, for the air was still heavy with the smoke of it—had spared them, whatever harm it had wrought to others. Jenny was on the sofa with a book before her eyes, which would not have been the case—for she was bold as a lion—had she been under fire; Kate, with a flushed cheek, was looking out of the win-

dow, to avoid, as her mother guessed, gazing on the victim under punishment; Tony was standing by her with his hand fast clutched in hers, but his glowing face turned toward the scene of action; Mary Campden was smoothing her gown, an action she used whenever ill at ease: all these, it was evident, were non-combatants. At the mantelpiece, with her back to the ferns and flowers which filled the useless grate, stood the mistress of the house, and by her side its so-called master was twirling his whiskers as though he would have twirled them off; and at some distance stood Jeff, with a pale face and angry eyes.

"I am sorry to say, Edith," said Mrs. Campden, addressing the new-comer, with gravity, "that my husband has thought proper—if the word proper can be applied to such a proceeding in any wise—to take your daughters with his own to Bleabarrow sports."

"Dear me! I am afraid my girls must have worried him very much to induce him to do it," said Mrs. Dalton, good-naturedly.

"That is just what we did, mamma," said Jenny, looking up for an instant from her book; "it was all our fault, but mine especially."

"If my husband means to excuse his conduct at the expense of two young ladies—"

"There were three," observed Mary, quickly; "it was I who was most to blame, because I ought to have known you would not have liked it, mamma."

"I am not addressing myself to you, Mary, at all," continued her mother, with dignity; "be so good as not to interrupt me.—I say it was shameful to take advantage of my absence, Mr. Campden, to order the barouche and take these girls on such an abominable expedition.—It is natural, Edith, being my guest, that you should endeavor to make light of it."

"But, indeed, Julia, I don't think it any serious matter," answered Mrs. Dalton; "and, of course, the girls would be quite safe in your husband's charge in case of any annoyance."

"Well, well; you are easily satisfied, Edith," returned the other lady, throwing up her hands; "but if you knew what I know about such places—what I can't *help* knowing from my position here—the sort of people that attend them—"

"There was Lord Riversdale," observed Mr. Campden, dryly.

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it. But not his wife, sir."

"I am sure I don't know whether she was his wife," said Uncle George, still more dryly; "there was a youngish woman with him."

"Do not heighten your disgraceful conduct by disreputable talk, I beg," answered Mrs. Campden, icily. "I am quite sure that there was no *lady* at Bleabarrow, except those you took there in *my* barouche."

"I really don't think that the girls can have taken much hurt, dear Julia," reiterated Mrs. Dalton, the peace-maker.

"I don't know as to *hurt*, Edith; but I suppose even your good-nature would draw

the line *somewhere*. What would you have said, for instance, if any gentleman of your acquaintance had not only gone to such a place as Bleabarrow, but taken part in the sports; entered as a competitor with drunken persons—"

"My good lady, no drunken person can run up hills," remonstrated Uncle George; "you don't know what you are talking about; you don't, indeed."

"Oh, thank you! I am sure you are the pink of courtesy; as polite a husband as you have shown yourself a judicious father. However, I was addressing myself to Edith. I was asking what she would think if you, or any one of your guests here, should have taken it into his head to compete with such ruffians?"

"Well, really, I can't imagine Mr. Campden doing that," said Mrs. Dalton; "and, of course, it would be very indecorous—"

"The height of indecorum," interrupted Mrs. Campden, looking round triumphantly; "there; were not these my very words?—You see, Mr. Geoffrey Derwent, that even those who are generally most ready to excuse you have nothing to urge in extenuation of your conduct. Mrs. Dalton quite agrees with me—that for a person in your position, an inmate of this house, and who has always been treated as one of the family, to compete with common men for gain—"

"I did not compete for gain," said Geoffrey, indignantly; "I gave the money—it was three pounds—to the man that came in second, and only kept the belt."

"That is, you did not take what you had really need of—you threw away, forsooth, three golden sovereigns, like a young millionaire—and only indulged yourself by mixing with the lowest of the low—"

"It was by my advice, Mrs. Campden," said one, in cold and measured tones.

At the window close to where Kate was, Mrs. Dalton perceived, for the first time, that Mr. Holt was also standing, half concealed by the curtain-folds.

"I own it was foolish and injudicious; but it was I who proposed that the young gentleman should enter himself for the guid-race."

"That had nothing to do with it," said Jeff, sturdily; "I always meant to run, and should have done so whether any one had proposed it or not."

"Of course you would," continued Mrs. Campden, contemptuously; "to mix, as I have said, with the lowest of the low, and to earn their good opinion, was your only motive."

"What! has Jeff been electioneering, like me?" cried a lively and genial voice. The speaker, who stood at the open door, had a bright and buoyant look, which, by contrast with the faces around him, seemed to typify good-humor and ignore all angry passion.

"O John, how glad I am to see you!" whispered Mrs. Dalton, as she sprang into his arms.

"O papa!" cried Kate, delightedly. Everybody in the room, including perhaps even Mrs. Campden herself, who had shot off all her sharpest arrows, seemed pleased to see John Dalton at that moment.

Having kissed his wife, he turned at once to Jenny, to prevent her rising to receive him, and embraced Kate and Tony, and then made his salutations to the rest like one who is used to be welcomed. A more conventional man would have addressed his hostess first, and his own family afterward, but Dalton always behaved as his instincts prompted him; and they fortunately happened to be good. He had not a handsome face, nor even an aristocratic one, yet it was one which attracted every eye. If you had seen him in the pit of a theatre (where, however, you never *would* have seen him, for he was not a man to patronize the pit), or on the crowded platform of a public meeting, you would have asked straightway, "Who is that man?" He had passed middle life, and his face and forehead were deeply lined; but neither, as you would have said, by thought nor care, so genial was the smile upon his lip, so lively the sparkle of his eye. His complexion was dark to swarthinness; his hair, worn much longer than was customary, though he had neither mustache nor whiskers, was black as jet; yet so far from this producing a sombre effect, his appearance suggested gayety. If he was not laughing, he always looked about to laugh, not *at* but *with* you; his air and manner suggested not only the desire to please, but sympathy, and the readiest comprehension of your tastes and character. He was not conciliatory, for if you showed antagonism—or even a slowness in reciprocating his advances—the sunshine left his face at once, and he set you down as a fool or a knave. I am bound to say, though sometimes guilty of a grave injustice in these hasty judgments, he was generally right. It was said by morose and ill-natured persons that John Dalton could be as "nasty" in temper as anybody; but this was not true; he was hasty, however, and impetuous, and, holding a deep-seated conviction that the man who could quarrel with so agreeable a fellow as himself must needs be a scoundrel, he behaved toward him accordingly. This conviction was a dogma of which—though more true than most dogmas—he had not been persuaded in a moment; a long course of social success had induced it. Dalton had had neither high birth nor much money to recommend him to the notice of the world, yet had possessed enough of both to render a struggle for existence or position unnecessary; he had not wasted time in setting his feet on the lower rungs of the ladder, but had had them placed there by his father, who had been a man of fashion and a hanger-on of the court for a quarter of a century before his death. The sayings of "Tom Dalton" had been considerably quoted before the reputation of his son in the same line of business had caused them to pale and fade away from the recollection of Pall Mall. Some old fogies were still found in that cynical neighborhood who averred that John Dalton was not, after all, so clever a fellow as his father; but such remarks were justly ascribed to the disposition of persons of a certain age to praise the past at the expense of the present. He did not, indeed, possess the biting satire for which his parent, the friend and rival of

Brummel, was distinguished—though, if you trod upon his tail ever so slightly, he could give an epigrammatic snap that had marked more than one heedless gentleman for life—but his ordinary talk was bright and vivacious, and he was voted "good company" wherever he went. By profession he was a barrister, but he had never practised, or given himself the chance of practising; he had never done anything but please himself in all his life, yet in so doing had somehow contrived to please everybody else—not so much from his kind heart nor his good-nature (though he could boast of both) as from a certain nameless charm of manner which won over to him both man and woman. He was not a hero, nor anything at all like it; but, if he had been one, his *valet de chambre* would have been the first to acknowledge it. He was not a prophet (for he little knew what was at this moment awaiting himself); but, if he had been one, his own people would not have denied him honor. His wife was devoted to him; his children adored him; and their sentiments had his fullest concurrence. "If people are only nice to me," he once confided to a friend, "I am the nicest fellow people can meet."

Unhappily, there are some people that cannot be nice, however certain may be the reciprocity, and Mr. John Dalton had just been experiencing that fact during his canvass of the electors of Bampton.

"Well, Dalton, may we congratulate you as a British senator or not?" was Mr. Campden's inquiry as he shook hands with his guest.

"You may congratulate me, my dear fellow, as having escaped being the representative of the most rascally constituency in England. It was a very narrow shave, however," added the speaker, briskly; "another half-dozen votes would have done it."

Mr. Campden whistled mournfully, and the rest began to express their condolences after their several fashions, when Mrs. Dalton broke promptly in with: "John, dear, there is scarcely time, even as it is, for you to dress for dinner."

"I know that, my darling, and therefore I am not going to do it," whispered he.

"But Mrs. Campden is so particular."

"I know that, too; but I am not going to dress.—Pray do not wait for me one minute, ladies and gentlemen," added he, aloud, and then left the room, not sorry, perhaps, notwithstanding all his presence of mind, that he had got over the declaration of his failure.

"My husband hopes you will excuse a morning-costume to-night, Julia," said Mrs. Dalton; "nothing distresses him so much as coming in late for dinner or keeping anybody waiting."

"Oh, certainly," returned Mrs. Campden, with a stately inclination of her head; she was pretty well aware how the case stood, and felt satisfied to get an apology out of Mr. Dalton, even by proxy. He was indolent as regarded all physical exertion, and despised the small conventionalities on which his hostess set such store. She knew, or thought she knew, that all the members of "county families" dressed for dinner every night, and was therefore resolved that her

own folks should do so. So poor Uncle George—who during his early life had never worn "black things," as he called them, except on the rarest occasions—had every day to divest himself of his light summer clothing and put on broadcloth.

Mr. Holt was always attired with the most scrupulous regard to the fitness of things; and Dalton, as her guest, ought to have been amenable to her wishes in this respect; but it was really very difficult, she complained, "to get him to conform to the most ordinary usages of society." She did not dare to be imperative with him, for he was one of the few people of whom she stood in dread; and, when she had once attempted to—what she was pleased to call—reason with him, he had overset her with an epigram, which, if she had understood, she would have termed "very conceited." "Madam, nobody minds what is one's suit so long as one is a *trump*." Upon the whole, Mrs. Campden had her reasons for not liking Mr. Dalton, but she liked to have him at Riverside, from the popularity which his presence conferred upon it. She had more invitations from the county families—who, she had her suspicions, looked down upon her husband for being a *nouveau riche*—when the Daltons were with them, and a better chance of getting a morning-call from Lady Blanche Ealing; nor was it without some gratification that she found John Dalton taking her in to dinner, though his conversation flew over her head, and did not interest her half so much as the proceedings of the servant or the state of the *entrées*. On the present occasion he was full of the topic of the election—not that he liked it, but lest he should be supposed to shrink from it as a sore subject—and very amusing in his description of his rival (and conqueror), one Mr. Griggs. This gentleman, who was no great orator, had accused him of "laboring under the advantage" of being a skilled legal debater, which was certainly a most unjust imputation, as Dalton had but once opened his lips in court in his life, and then only to move for a rule.

Griggs had also described Mr. Disraeli as being "the greatest *living* statesman of this or any other age." And Griggs had also told a story on the platform so discursive that it had touched upon almost everything, yet had somehow not arrived at the point. During the progress of it, a voice—a somewhat thick and drunken voice, but still one with an evidently Liberal tone—had interrupted this narrative by a conversation with an imaginary friend, one "Samuel," supposed to be at the other end of the town-hall, which was crammed with Griggs's supporters. As the story went on and on, the voice grew more and more dolorous, and at last inquired, "Samuel, do you *like* this story?"—a question answered by such a peal of laughter, even from his best friends, as to destroy Griggs's eloquence for the remainder of that evening.

It was by no means John Dalton's habit to monopolize the conversation, and it was only by public request that he now communicated these particulars; but he had never seemed in higher spirits. Only two persons at table were aware that he was acting a part, nor could one of these have detected it,

but for certain exclusive information that he possessed. Mrs. Dalton, on the other hand, knew that her husband was "not himself," although ignorant of the precise nature of what troubled him. Behind those sprightly tones, that joyous laugh, she detected that Black Care was sitting. The subtle instinct of much love had discovered it to her, else there was nothing to indicate it, except perhaps an unwonted grimness in her husband's humor.

For example, Mr. Campden had inquired of him, since he had been last in London, whether town was empty.

"No, sir; there are still several toiling millions there of our own flesh and blood."

The tone of the platform, the air of the would-be representative, were admirably assumed: it was evident that the speaker was still contending with Griggs for the suffrages of the Bampton freemen.

"The club, however, had nobody in it, I suppose," continued the laughing host, "except Disnay?"

"Disnay is out of town."

"Oh, that is impossible, Dalton; he told me himself that he had not left London for a quarter of a century, and then only to visit Brighton. Oh! Disnay *can't* be out of town."

"He is, however, I do assure you—since there are no intramural interments—for he is dead!"

"O Mr. Dalton, how shocking!" ejaculated Mrs. Campden.

"Yes, indeed, madam; but the gentleman could not help it. If you had known him as well as your husband and myself did, you would feel sure of that. He had no desire for change—except in one respect: even when he dined alone on a mutton-chop, he *would* always dress for dinner."

"And very right, too, I think, Mr. Dalton."

"No doubt, madam; and I hope he is at this moment reaping the reward of such undeviating propriety."

"Well, I am sorry poor old Disnay is gone," sighed Mr. Campden. "We might better have spared a better man."

"I can't understand how *that* can be, George," observed the hostess, severely.

"When did the poor old fellow go off the hooks?" asked Mr. Campden, too affected to notice a reproof which, under the circumstances, would have reduced him to silence.

"Well, his ghost was seen at half-past seven last Thursday."

"His ghost!" echoed several voices.

"Yes; it was seen coming into the club at what had been his usual dinner-hour."

"Oh, what nonsense!" cried Mrs. Campden. "How did they know it *was* his ghost?"

"Well, they knew it was not himself, because he was in morning-costume. Everybody said that Disnay must be dead; and what everybody says must be true."

I don't think Mrs. Campden "liked that story," any more than friend Samuel liked the narrative of Mr. Griggs; but to the rest of the company it seemed droll enough.

When the ladies had withdrawn, John Dalton was even still more amusing; but it is my opinion that the talk of us men "after

dinner" should be as sacred as the conversation in the drawing-room, that takes place during the same period among the fair sex, and which has never been revealed to mortal man. The talk was mainly between John and his host, for Mr. Holt said little. He was turning over in his mind what he should say presently in the smoking-room, or rather how he should say it, when he and Dalton should be left alone together.

WHY DID THEY DO IT?

LAST summer a group of half a dozen men—differing in age, though indistinct in dress—were diligently occupied in killing time (the sole employment of watering-place life) on the front piazza of the Ocean House, at Newport. Seconded by good cigars, abundance of gossip, a delicious August afternoon, and an uninterrupted prospect of Bellevue Avenue, they were achieving laudable success, particularly as the driving had fairly begun—it was five o'clock—and the women were out in their bravest toilets.

Women are said to enjoy a monopoly of gossip; but it is men who say so. They need to repeat this very frequently; for the facts will hardly bear them out. The truth is, they are the greater gossips of the two. Not perhaps in quantity; but in every quality that constitutes unalloyed, high-flavored, first-class gossip, men are entitled to the palm. An example is before us. Here are six men, the two youngest, David Jackson and Myron Mills, bachelors of twenty-five and twenty-eight; Julius Simpson, a widower of thirty-five; Warren James, a husband and man of family, aged forty; Peter Gardette, who is supposed to have lost his wife in some of the courts of Indiana; and John Norpeth, a confirmed bachelor of fifty.

For the last two hours they have vied with one another in giving the interior history of every inmate of the hotel, and a number of the villa residents. It is questionable if all the women in Newport know so much of their acquaintances' private affairs, or could or would tell it so glibly, as these six men do. Every carriage that rolls by furnishes an opportunity for brief narrative and comment on the occupants.

Each of the six contributes his quota, and James and Gardette something more. These two, indeed, seem to be socially omniscient. They have told exactly how old Chucklewell and Goldhoarder got their young and pretty wives; how Mrs. Delaine flirts with each new-comer for a fortnight precisely; and how the Belladonna girls have arranged a connubial campaign for the coming winter; with an endless variety of such choice information as appears to be a component part of the atmosphere of summer resorts.

What magnificent Jenkines they would have made for the minor newspapers! If they should ever become bankrupt, they might starve steadily by doing the society news for the prating press instead of delighting their friends by jumping at midnight from a North River ferry-boat.

This remark is made in a whisper to Mills by young Jackson, who is cultivating cynicism

as becomes a veteran worlding of five-and-twenty, and who is believed by Mills to be envious of the older men because they exceed him in talent for tattle.

"By Jove!" exclaims Simpson, "there are some devilish pretty women in the carriage coming up. Who are they, I wonder?"

In a moment the twelve eyes of the group were bent upon the carriage, and the general opinion was that the women *were* pretty.

"I don't remember to have seen them before," says Norpeth; "they must be newcomers."

"Do you suppose Mrs. Delaine would flirt with them, James?" inquired Mills. "A fortnight would be a pretty long time for a corset to contend with a petticoat, wouldn't it? Who are they, anyhow?"

"They must be exceedingly pretty," remarked Gardette; "for not one of us has contradicted Simpson's declaration. That's extraordinary. I don't know when I've seen six men agree before about a woman's beauty. We men, whatever our real opinion, are inclined to deny that a woman has beauty when she has the reputation of having it. We imagine, I suppose, that we show a superior order of taste, and appear to have had a wider experience, if we refuse to fall in with a popular verdict."

The carriage had passed now, and Simpson again said:

"Who are they? It's odd that nobody knows them. Women as pretty as they would attract attention even in Broadway."

"Or in Beacon Street," observed Mills, who was from Boston.

"Or in Chestnut Street," added Norpeth, who, though he had lived everywhere, remembered, to the credit of Philadelphia, that he had been born in that city.

"I know all about them," was the self-satisfied announcement of James. "They live in New York. They have just come to Newport, having returned from Europe only last week."

"Are those two young men in the carriage with them their brothers?" asked Jackson, Mills, and Simpson, nearly in a breath.

"They are their husbands," replied James.

"Aren't you mistaken?" queried Mills.

"Those young ladies don't look as if they were married."

"No; they haven't the faded, worn, spirit-crushed air that usually belongs to matrimony," remarked Norpeth. "I fancy you must be in error, James. Those two lovely girls appear almost happy."

"Well, I happen to know," rejoined James. "They are very much married, and have been these five years. They are noted in their set for being in love with their husbands; and—"

"Go to—James!" interrupted Gardette. "You must recollect that there is a limit to human credulity."

"And," resumed James, "their husbands are in love with them."

"That is impossible!" ejaculated Jackson.

"I thought," interposed Mills, "that you said they were from New York?"

"The queerest part of it is," continued James, "that those young fellows married one another's wives."

"Married one another's wives! How's that?" was the general interrogatory.

"I can't tell it in a minute, and I'm going to dine in half an hour. I'll give you the story to-morrow."

"Oh, let us hear it now," urged Jackson; "we have leisure now. We are smoking and talking at present; to-morrow we may have to call and smoke, in which event we shall have no leisure to listen to your tale."

"Very well, since you insist. The blond lady is Mrs. Edwin Corry—she was Miss Edith Nixon; the brunette is Mrs. Augustus Curtiss, formerly Miss Jessie Wayne. Corry is a stock-broker; Curtiss has a rich father and a law-office—though I suspect his chief income is from the former. He is a fellow-townsmen of yours, Mills, but he has resided in New York for ten years past. He lived in Beacon Street once, and he has never done much since. Indeed, I imagine he considers that to have lived in Beacon Street is quite enough to render any man's life illustrious. They were married five years ago, as I have said, and their courtship took place here. You see, I am exact."

"What a capacious invention James must have to contain so many facts!" remarked Mills, aside.

"Corry and Curtiss were friends, and had been from boyhood. They were classmates at Harvard, and are almost always together. Their wives have also been friends for a long time. Corry was spending the summer with Curtiss at the villa of Curtiss's father, and the girls were staying across the street in another villa owned by Dr. Baxter, Miss Nixon's uncle. The girls, as you can imagine, were very attractive, and were considered remarkably fond of flirting. The young men had much the same reputation, and, naturally enough, the quartet arranged itself in pairs, and began a mild, sentimental siege upon one another. In coquetry, women always get the better of men somehow, though men have the advantage in sex, freedom, force, and conventionality. It was so in this case. The men, before they were well aware of it, fell in love with the girls, and wanted to marry them."

"What fools some men are!" exclaimed Norpeth. "They can't get fond of a woman without wishing to hamper her by wedlock, when they ought to know that marriage extinguishes love as water does fire."

"In the absence of marriage," observed Mills, furtively, to Jackson, "some men undertake to extinguish the fire of love with brandy-and-water" (glancing significantly at Norpeth's rubicund nose).

"Never mind disquisitions, James," said Gardette. "Let us hear how those fellows married one another's wives. I'm interested in that; for they certainly appear very contented with the wives they have now."

"Never trust matrimonial appearances," said Norpeth. "They lie like husbands that come home at three o'clock in the morning."

"My disquisitions are nothing to yours, gentlemen," resumed the narrator. "Let me

finish my story; for I have no idea of giving up my side. It isn't much of a story, anyhow, and ought therefore to be short. As I was saying, they fell in love with the girls, and, consequently, imagined the girls to be in love with them."

("Masculine if not natural!" murmured Gardette.)

"The girls, however, weren't in love with anybody but themselves."

("No such devotion in the world," soliloquized Norpeth, "as the devotion of a woman to herself.")

"At least, they didn't know it if they were. They were merry, mercurial creatures, full of joyous physicality, intoxicated with the stimulant of their own charms. Besides, they had no faith in the sincerity of their gallants. The reputation of those gentlemen had gone before them, and the girls had no notion of being outwitted in a fair flirtation."

"You haven't informed us yet," interrupted Mills, "who was in love with whom. Perhaps each young man was enamored of both women, and you have already told us the women were merely enamored of themselves. This is indeed a sentimental complication; but how you are to get any regular issue therefrom puzzles me to see."

"Just what I am about to tell. The time for particulars has now come. I flatter myself I know how to tell a story. I'm not so stupid in that way as people are who print stories in the newspapers and magazines. They get things wonderfully mixed up."

"Leave James alone!" cried Jackson. "He's a regular Scheherezade in trousers."

"Who's he?" asked Simpson. "I never heard of him; but I suppose he's some new contributor to the magazines."

"As Miss Nixon is now Mrs. Corry, and Miss Wayne Mrs. Curtiss," remarked James, "it is not hard to judge of the direction of the young men's affections."

"But then women never marry the men they love," affirmed Norpeth.

"Except when they marry one another's husbands," rejoined Jackson.

"Shall I be permitted to go on? Corry lost his heart to Miss Wayne, the blonde, and Curtiss to Miss Nixon, the brunette. Corry, being more ardent than his friend, decided to propose at once, lest his *inamorata* should be secured by somebody else. He fixed the evening and the hour, just as he would have done for the delivery of any stock. He called at the villa at eight o'clock, when he thought nobody in but his beloved. The night was warm, and the drawing-room was lighted only by the moon. 'What a romantic occasion! How Nature sympathizes with my purpose!' he probably whispered to himself; for even Wall Street can be poetic on a pinch."

"In a few minutes he was seated on the sofa by Miss Nixon, and leading rapidly up to his main subject. She perceived his drift, as any woman would, and, just before he reached the dangerous edge, she begged to be excused for a moment."

"In thirty seconds she was back, and he, fearful of further interruptions, told her he loved her devotedly, and asked her plumply to be his wife. She replied in a very low

tone that he had overwhelmed her with surprise; that she had believed he loved another; that it could not be she to whom he had intended to propose.

"Yes; it is you, and you alone," he exclaimed, seizing her hand, and bending over it with hungry kisses. "You are the only woman I love, or ever can love!"

"Then I suppose I cannot refuse you," she replied.

"Whereupon Corry, with a fervent 'God bless you, darling!' looked up; caught the young lady in his arms, and rapturously kissed Edith Nixon.

"A look of amazement flashed into his face, and she said quietly:

"I thought you had made something of a mistake."

"Well—well—really—re—the fact is—is," he stammered out, and she burst into a roar of laughter.

"Just then Miss Wayne entered the room, remarking, 'There must be something delightfully droll going on here;' and then she laughed.

"For a man who is in love to be regarded as a target for merriment is not pleasant. Corry felt angry. He knew he had been made the subject of a joke; and he wanted to be revenged upon somebody. Seeing Miss Wayne still laughing, and still fancying her to be deeply interested in him, he determined to punish her for her untimely levity. Consequently he said, solemnly:

"I am not mistaken, Miss Nixon; I shall claim your hand, as I have already given you my heart. Permit me, young ladies, to bid you good-evening. You seem to be in so mirthful a mood that I fear, by remaining longer, I may cast a shadow on your mirth."

"As he retired, he heard Miss Wayne's silvery laugh rippling through the room; and as he drove his hat down on his head, he was willing to make oath there were bitter tears behind those silvery notes.

"Let her weep!" he exclaimed, savagely. "She should break her heart before I'd comfort her! Break her heart, the abominable flirt! she has no heart to break!" And after this speech he whistled at the moon, and swore at himself.

"In this mood he went directly home—the villa of his friend's father—and there found his friend, who also appeared to be in remarkably high spirits. 'What the devil makes everybody so jovial to-night?' he mentally inquired, with the feeling of irritation that we all have when our companions reflect the opposite of our own feelings.

"The young men had so far exchanged confidences as to be acquainted with one another's affectional biases, though neither had admitted being positively in love. Curtiss noticed Corry's sullenness, and rallied him on it to an extent that greatly increased the latter's vexation. When he would not have done, the stock-broker decided to tell the truth, believing that might have the effect of abating Curtiss's hilarity, even if it should not render him so uncomfortable as himself.

"What's the matter with me?" you ask. "Matter enough! I'm going to be married."

"Going to be married? That's a joke, I'm sure, Ned."

"It may be a joke to you, but it's confidently serious to me."

"So it seems. Now tell me, pray, the name of the lady you are to honor."

"Miss Edith Nixon."

"An extraordinary change came over the face of Curtiss (at this Corry inwardly rejoiced), and, after a few seconds of silent confusion, he said:

"You don't really mean it, Ned?"

"I do most decidedly, 'Gus.'"

"I can't doubt your word, of course. But you weren't engaged to her this morning, unless you deceived me in the conversation we had about the girls at breakfast."

"I proposed to her, Ned, less than an hour ago, and I was accepted."

"Well, that is queer."

"Yes, it is. But women are all queer until you know them; and then—"

"Then, what?"

"Then they are queerer than before."

"I believe you're right, Ned. But let me wish you joy, old fellow. As you know, I had a little interest in that quarter myself. But let that pass. I really believe she'll make you one of the best and sweetest of wives."

"I hope so, though that remains to be seen, Ned. Predictions about women, and wedlock generally, are always unsafe."

"The conversation, which neither seemed disposed to continue in the same vein, wandered off to general topics, and in half an hour they went to bed, neither of them in very good-humor. Corry had evidently succeeded in making his friend uncomfortable also.

"The next morning they did not breakfast together as was their custom; nor did they meet until dinner-time, when Corry appeared to have fully recovered his composure. In truth, he was somewhat flushed, and far more voluble than usual.

"As soon as they had sat down he broke out with—'Ned, I'm not much behind you. I'm engaged, too. I proposed to Jessie Wayne this morning, and she said 'Yes!' without the least bit of a scene. She's a sensible girl, and I must admit her exceeding good taste. She admires Boston above every city on the globe, and thinks it very much like Athens in the tone of its society.'"

"The two couples were married in New York, on the same day, in the same church, two months after, and, so far as known, have rejoiced ever since. They seem to be happier than they would have been if they had carried out their first purpose. I'm not at all sure that Fortune does not often serve us better by thwarting our deliberate intent than by allowing us to obey it. Here these young men really married one another's wives—that is, the women they had elected to be such—and circumstance steps in to cheat them into their own felicity."

"Might they not have been just as happy with the original objects of their choice?" inquired Simpson.

"Don't ask such a foolish question," remarked Norpeth. "It's self-evident that, if a man finds conjugal contentment with one

woman, there cannot be another woman in a thousand miles of her who wouldn't have made him miserable."

"In other words," observed Mills, "the avatars of matrimonial happiness are rarely contiguous."

"That may be the way they would put it in Boston," responded James. "I prefer plainer language."

"It's an odd story," observed Simpson. "I don't quite understand how Miss Nixon substituted herself for Miss Wayne in the drawing-room that evening."

"You're one of the fellows," replied James, "with whom it is never safe to leave anything to the imagination. She went in, of course, at the request of Miss Wayne, who probably thought Corry's prelude to proposal a continuation of the flirtation. Hearing the laughter, Miss Wayne appeared to take part in the fun."

"Ah, I see! The young ladies thought it was a sham battle. They didn't know Corry was shooting real bullets. But why did they permit the joke to go so far? Do you suppose they accepted each other's lovers because their own lovers had piqued their vanity?"

"Allow me to observe, Simpson," said Norpeth, "that you have been married to so little purpose that you should repeat the experiment in the interest of sexual wisdom. James didn't make the women, and, if he had made them, he couldn't tell why they acted as they did. Probably they don't themselves. Whether they know or not, the very things that men are most desirous to find out—the things they would give anything to learn—are just the things women never tell."

"Norpeth," said James, "you avow yourself a bachelor, but you talk like a man who has been a hundred times a husband."

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

VII.

THE ARTIST'S PASSION FOR FAME.

AN artist's life in Rome at the time I am speaking of had many phases and conditions, and whether joyous or sad, prosperous or the reverse, depended more upon himself than upon the circumstances which surrounded him.

With contentment, industry, and a moderate share of talent, he need not have wanted the necessities or comforts of life, for they could be obtained at a moderate outlay of money, and, untrammelled by the luxuries of the present day, scope was given to study and the exercise of such talent as he possessed. Thus with mind comparatively free of care, he was stimulated by a laudable desire to excel and acquire fame. Fame then was uppermost in his mind at early dawn and late at night—a word never spoken aloud, but whispered silently in his studio;

it was a pleasing theme for his thoughts to dwell upon, although in most cases the reality was never reached.

Speaking of fame reminds me of a little anecdote of the much-lamented artist and poet, T. Buchanan Read, whose happy humor at times was irresistible, and whose genius as a versifier has many admirers, none more so than myself, for I knew him well, and the outpourings of his heart and fancy are fresh in my memory. His pencil has registered on canvas visions of beauty more suggestive, perhaps, of pleasing ideas, than profoundly artistic in execution—visions which none but a poet could have conceived or painted. A few years previous to his death he related an anecdote connected with fame which I will endeavor to give in his own words:

"The best way to have fame," said Read, "is to secure it at the outset as Skuttle did."

"Who is Skuttle?" I asked.

"Cram that blessed old pipe of yours to the brim, and while smoking I will tell you about the famous Skuttle. Let your thoughts then wander to the wilds of America, where in a God-forsaken spot of old Virginia a certain ignorant and conceited *dilettante*, who gloried in the high-sounding name of Themistocles H. Pump, discovered, unearthed, and bagged a natural full-fledged genius. He came into the world with a chisel and mallet in his hand, ready to hew heroes and gods out of the first stone or marble he came across. The production which brought this prodigy into notice was a species of Chinese 'Joss,' intended to represent a human form, but as much like humanity as the art intelligence of its designer could resemble that of Winckelmann or Vasari.

"His patron blew the trumpet for the prodigy with such vigor that the celebrity of 'Joss' and its sculptor spread far and wide in Virginia, until the name of Skuttle became associated with Thorwaldsen and Canova. 'Joss' was exhibited for money in the different villages and towns, and folks said it ought to be sent abroad as a specimen of American art. It was found, however, to be too expensive to pack and ship so large an object, and, instead of sending the statue, money was raised by subscription to send Skuttle to Italy, where a larger field presented itself for study and the exercise of his genius. Before his departure it was determined by his friends to give him a dinner, and Brown (you remember Brown, the fellow with red hair who played whist so well, and amused us at the club with his humorous stories)—well, Brown was at the dinner, and, according to him, about forty persons, the elect of the village, assembled in the dining-room of the Golden Eagle. Squire Amos Pullman, the justice of the peace, presided. When the viands had been satisfactorily disposed of, Themistocles H. Pump, the man who discovered the marvelous Skuttle, addressed the company as near as I can recollect in the following manner:

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, we have met here this evening on an occasion we should be proud of as citizens of this vast and mighty republic; our country is to lose for a time one of its most gifted sons, who

will soon take his departure for the land of art; but, gentlemen, we might rejoice that this 'ere favored locality, in future generations, will be able to say, and proud to say, that Mr. Skuttle was born and raised in these parts—proud as Genoa is that she gave birth to a Columbus, or Florence that Michael Angelo was born there. The time is come when the United States is growing its own Raphaels and Angelos. We shall have masters of our own—that is my private opinion—who can take and will take the starch out of any of those ancient chaps. We are here to-night, fellow-citizens, to do honor to one who, I reckon, will show these Italians that they can't teach him much anyhow they may fix it; and, gentlemen, permit me to say that I consider it one of the most flattering events of my life that I have had a share in discovering the genius of our distinguished guest, and of giving him a lift on his road to fame. In our Skuttle, gentlemen, will be found young, vigorous American blood, with fresh ideas which will revive the decaying arts of the played-out Old World. We must submit to his absence, we must not be selfish; such talent should not be confined to any country, it belongs to the world, but we hope he will not forget his native land, in the honors that await him abroad. Well, gentlemen fill up your glasses: Here is a safe passage to him there, and a quick return here. Long may he wave!"

"The eloquent speaker sat down amid loud cheering, and the band struck up 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' A call for Skuttle brought the timid little man to his feet, but, fearing to stand up straight before so august an assemblage, he made a compromise by rising about a foot from his chair, and bending forward while resting both hands on the table, said:

"Gentlemen, there never was much speak in me, and just at this interesting moment I am up a tree for words; yet I thank you right truly for them flattering sentiments just expressed. I hope my works will speak for me better than I can speak for myself. I hope to send you some from Europe which will talk good talk and tall talk. Gentlemen, my feelings are too full to say more." Skuttle dropped into his seat, and the band played 'Hail Columbia.'

"I was in Florence," continued Read, "when the great Skuttle made his *entrée* there, with his laurels still fresh upon him. There was no triumphal arch erected upon the occasion, and the City of Flowers was as little agitated as if an ex-king or any other ordinary tourist had arrived. A few months after the event, while walking with a friend in the Piazza di Santa Trinità, I was introduced to a seedy-looking chap, who turned out to be Skuttle the sculptor, who invited us to his studio to examine a work he was about to send home. We went—but how shall I describe the thing we saw? At a glance it was apparent the artist had 'cast' the Venus de Medici for the body, head, and legs of the figure, while the arms had been modeled from some lean and bony living subject, and attached to the torso of the goddess in an upraised and meaningless position. One of the legs was flexed as if in the act of jump-

ing or kicking, and, for facial expression, the corners of the mouth were drawn up into a smirking grimace.

"I have seen caricatures in drawing and painting," continued Read, "but to see anything caricatured in serious, cold, dignified marble, was the height of absurdity; and, when Skuttle called his creation 'The Coquette,' we could control ourselves no longer, and beat a hasty retreat to give vent to our pent-up laughter.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Read, "I never before saw anything in the way of art to equal it in absurdity. It was what the Italians call 'Una cosa mostruosa'—a monstrosity! It was famous."

While on the subject of fame, with the reader's permission, I will make an extract from my journal under the date of July, 1854:

"Last evening I spent with my charming young friends Fanny and Bella. They were commenting upon the glories, the uncertainty, the nothingness of fame.

"You artists," said Miss Fanny, "are full of conceit; you all imagine that you are going to do wonders and surprise the world; you rest under the pleasing delusion that you will equal, if not surpass, the old masters; that you will become Raphaels, Titians, and Michael Angelos; but, after all, you are not worse than authors and musicians—each one feels his own supremacy. Is it not Talma who said, 'There is but one Talma and one God?'"

"Well, you may be right, Miss Fanny," I replied; "we artists may have some exalted ideas, and lay in a good capital of conceit to start with, but it is pretty sure to be knocked out of us, if we live long enough."

"Ah, indeed!" said Miss Fanny; "then pray keep up the illusion as long as you can. I want to tell you of something I witnessed myself the other evening at Mrs. M——'s. A number of us happened in, and dear Mrs. M—— was giving us a cup of tea and some delicious strawberries-and-cream, when H—— made his appearance. He came in with such an air of abstraction, scarcely noticing any one present (and there were three of the prettiest girls in Rome at the table, Bella among them). He was in the clouds, and looked unutterable inspirations. Ignoring us all, he sat down at Mrs. M——'s centre-table, upon which there were all sorts of elegant attractions in the shape of illustrated books, photographs, Venetian vases, and glasses of wonderful tints filled with charming flowers—gems, caricatures, and curiosities of all kinds. But neither the strawberries-and-cream nor the pretty young women were sufficiently attractive to detach his thoughts from rapt communion with something above the earth—at least, as much above it as the ceiling of the room upon which his gaze seemed riveted. Bright, mischievous Hettie L—— whispered to me: "Look at him! I verily believe he sees a spirit." Suddenly, and in an excited manner, he asked Mrs. M—— for a pencil or pen, resumed his chair with knitted brow, as if ponderous with some mighty idea which was urging immediate relief by expression, and then hurriedly wrote something upon a bit of paper, and, rising precipitately, left

the room. As soon as he disappeared, the young girls rushed up to the table, expecting to see some wonderful *motif* for a picture, or perhaps some glowing couplet in verse. One seized the paper and exclaimed: "Oh, what fun! Look here; he has written: 'I must have fame or d-y-e!'" It was snatched from hand to hand, and a cry of merriment rang around the room which might have been heard in the Piazza di Spagna. "Now, girls, I won't have it," said kind Mrs. M——; "you shall not ridicule him; I like him very much. He is only a little conceited and eccentric, and, like most geniuses, doesn't always spell correctly."

"Was it not too absurd for anything?" exclaimed Miss Bella.

"I quite agree with you that the scene was absurd, my dear lady; but I have witnessed a scene quite as strange; and in your story of fame I will tell you one a little shorter, which I find jotted down in my journal. You know that the word fame in English is hunger in Italian: "Signore, da-me qualche cosa per l'amore de Dio. Ho fame" ("Give me something, sir, for the love of God! I am hungry"). Well, I went to see a very amiable young painter who was an enthusiast in his love and devotion to the art, in which he was making his first essays. Like most children of art, he was poor, and must look to the mistress he had wedded for his bread. His painting-room was by no means a show-studio, which one so frequently sees nowadays, with armor, fancy costumes, bits of infectious-looking tapestry, and curiosities which give you the idea of a shop in the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter. There was only an easel, a chair, and a round, sheet-iron Roman stove, on which was written, in white chalk and in large letters, "Fame, O Fame!" The modest young artist placed his only canvas upon the rickety easel, and adjusted his only chair in front of it, invited me to be seated, and tell him what I thought of his picture. The subject was certainly difficult to comprehend, and I supposed it was meant to represent a costume-model seated; but I could distinguish nothing upon which she sat, nor did her feet rest upon any substantial substance—in fact, it was a figure floating in a mass of bitumen. The only form I could make out, and that feebly, was the side of a cheek, having a sickly-brickish spot of light upon it. The young painter informed me that it was in the style of Rembrandt. I looked at his picture and then at the stove, and felt that the words written there were prophetic: "Fame—O Fame!"—hunger, starvation! Now, miss, don't you think my story has as much point as yours?"

"No, I don't," she replied; "it is not half so ridiculous. I feel sorry for your young friend, while the other only inspired contempt!"

VIII.

FATHER PROUT.

FROM MY JOURNAL, 1847.

FATHER PROUT, whose real name is Mahony, possesses in a remarkable degree wit and drollery combined, and to which one

might add a touch of solemn waggery. He joins us daily at our American and English table at the Lepre. The other evening the table was unusually crowded, and among those present was young Lord Compton, eldest son of the Marquis of Northampton, who, like his sister, Lady Alford, is a remarkably clever amateur artist. There were several other distinguished persons at the table, and Father Prout deemed his audience of sufficient importance to rouse himself from his usual apathy and indulge in a little playful humor, which, however, was not always in good taste. He has a spicy ingredient of outspoken satire in his nature, bordering on malice, and a stinging power of phraseology and expression, which could penetrate the most rhinoceros-hided of his victims. On this occasion his victim was a young English architect, who had made himself peculiarly obnoxious to Prout by his conspicuous and conceited airs at the table. This young man had an uncommon name, unpleasantly suggestive of an unpopular vocation—"Screwdowns." This euphonious name was occupying too much of the air breathed by Father Prout to be pleasant to him. The "How are you, Screwdowns? What have you been about to-day, Screwdowns? Have you visited the Vatican to-day, Screwdowns?" etc., etc., at length fairly lifted Prout out of his silence. Turning to Lord Compton, who sat beside him, he spoke out in a tone of voice loud enough to reach all our ears:

"Screwdowns! Screwdowns! It seems to me I have seen that name somewhere, it sounds very familiar to me; let me think—oh! I remember—Baker Street—Obadiah Screwdowns, undertaker; I will tell you how I come to recollect so well: you know something of L——, the clever correspondent of the *Times*. He and I were to dine on a certain day at a friend's house, and were out for a constitutional and to get *peckish* for the feast. My companion, like myself, had a troublesome habit of suddenly getting thirsty at times for something stronger than water. He was seized with one of those uncontrollable fits, to use his own expression, 'having a manly thirst upon him,' he would submit to no delay, and dove in his pockets for the means of gratifying it, and found them empty. He appealed to me, and the investigation of my own pockets showed a similar condition; it was the old song, 'And the devil a penny among us had we.'

"You must wait," I said, "it is only two hours until dinner."

"No, I must have something now, immediately."

"But you can't, you impatient beggar! we have no money."

"Wait a moment," said he, "I have it: do you see that sign across the way, 'Obadiah Screwdowns?' Well, wait here a little for me."

"He was a capital actor, and, pulling his hat down over his eyes, he took out his pocket-handkerchief, adjusted his features to the proper mood, crossed the street and entered the place with the air of one deeply afflicted. He was met by Screwdowns himself, a little, sleek, oily, servile creature, hypocritically sympathetic. 'Walk in, my dear

sir,' said Screwdowns, mournfully, 'bear up a little, these bereavements, alas! come to us all, first or last; I know that details in these matters are additions to the mourners' trials, we will not, therefore, grieve you unnecessarily by rehearsing' (a capital word, by-the-way, for a fellow of his occupation) 'them. We take all the trouble into our own hands; we find everything, we find everything, sir.' My friend here was much overcome and faint, and threw himself heavily into a chair.

"Pray try and compose yourself, dear sir," said Screwdowns, 'I see you are dreadfully cut up; just come into my private room here and rest yourself on the sofa a bit; had you not better take a little restorative of some kind, dear sir?' and the hospitable Screwdowns produced a bottle of old port and a glass, which he placed on a small table by the side of my inconsolable friend as he reclined on the sofa. Nothing loath, he drinks and revives, finishes the bottle, and becomes quite cheerful, and is about to leave, with many thanks for the kind hospitality, when little Screwdowns puts in: 'Well, now, my dear sir, the address if you please, that is all we require. I will go immediately; we find everything.'

"What address do you mean?" said my companion.

"Why, sir, the defunct, the body."

"The body!" replied L——, 'what about the body? Oh! I see; well, you say you can find everything—find the body if you can, and good luck to you.'

I am sorry to say this story produced a great deal of amusement at the expense of young Screwdowns.

I met Father Prout frequently at Dr. Pollock's, a resident physician in Rome (now a distinguished surgeon and physician in London), and, among other acquaintance who often dropped in to spend the evening with the doctor and his charming little wife, were two English maiden ladies, who had very recently become converts to the Romish faith, and, like most new proselytes, were very zealous and demonstrative, as if anxious to make amends for lost time in their heretical days. Father Prout, although a priest and devoted to the Roman church, had a particular aversion to the display so often made by believers of a new faith, and he took no pains to veil his antipathy to the fanatically-disposed sisters, and would have very little to say to them. One evening at the tea-table the sisters were entertaining us with an account of a moonlight visit to the Fontana di Treve, how they drank of its sparkling waters before leaving the "Eternal City," that the popular saying might with them be verified, "Whoso drinks of the water of Treve will sure return to Rome again," and, to "make assurance doubly sure," they took a good long drink. The conversation then turned to other subjects, and when the allusion to the Treve-water seemed to have been forgotten, Father Prout, turning to the doctor, said:

"I presume you have heard of that curious and distressing thing, that horrible discovery in the *Virgine* aqueduct to-day?"

"No," said the doctor, "I have not; pray what is it?"

"Why, a dead man was taken out of it, in the part within the walls, and the body was in a frightful state of decomposition."

The two maiden converts looked at each other with an indescribable expression of amazement, and, turning pale, precipitately left the room; they had drunk of the water the previous night! On another occasion, I met the same party at the doctor's house. Prout, addressing himself to me, said:

"That battle of Buena Vista, in which you Yankees did so much slaughter on the Mexicans, has a singular circumstance connected with it. I refer," said he, "to the day after the conflict, when the dead were to be buried, it was discovered that the vultures had pitched into the dead Yankees and mutilated the bodies shockingly, while those of the Mexicans were left on the ground untouched. Now what do you make of that?"

He paused for a reply, but I could assign no reason for it.

The maiden ladies were armed in a moment with a reply.

"Oh!" said the elder, "I think it is a striking instance of divine manifestation. The Mexicans are of the true faith."

"Yes," said the other; "and objects of especial care."

Father Prout made no response to them; but plied his question to me again:

"Then you can't imagine a cause? Why, sir, it is easy enough to find one: the Mexicans eat red-peppers and the Yankees don't. Vultures dislike red-peppers."

A very common-looking person was Mahony, *alias* Father Prout, and some would describe him as a short, vulgar, queer-looking little man; but those best acquainted with him soon forgot his personal defects in appreciating the humor, shrewdness, and intelligence, which characterized all he said. Satire was a strong element in his nature, and he indulged in it so freely that he would not even spare his best friends when he could make a happy hit. I remember during the winter he spent in Rome that we Americans met together to celebrate Washington's birthday. Risley, a celebrated American acrobat and gymnast, was present at the dinner, and amused the company with a "Jim-Crow" performance of some kind. Prout, who was then writing for the *Daily News*, reported the circumstance somewhat in this way: "Some sixty-odd Americans met together to celebrate the anniversary of Washington's birthday. . . . After the cloth was removed and the toasts disposed of, Risley, the acrobat, danced a 'nigger-jig' in honor of the father of his country."

A NEW VIEW OF JAKUES AND TOUCHSTONE.

IN "A Tale of Arden Forest," an interesting article in the *Galaxy*, the author, Mr. White, raises the question what Shakespeare's conception was in drawing the characters *Jakues* and *Touchstone* in "As you like it"—or, rather, the writer does not so much raise the question as to boldly maintain the theory that these personages were meant to represent cynics and not humorists,

as the world has hitherto supposed. In this view Mr. White is supported, it appears, by able German critics; and the character of the advocates of the theory thus entitles it to respectful examination.

"As you like it," in which these two high-fantastic characters play such prominent parts, occupies a place of its own among Shakespeare's comedies. Let us glance at it, familiar as it is, if only to see in what framework the master-dramatist has set his portraits. It has justly been styled the comedy of comedies, in all that constitutes the distinct merit of this species of writing, which aims to delineate humor and manners, rather than the play of the grand passions. Beside its brilliant wit and profuse humor running everywhere into wild luxuriance, even the sparkling dialogue of such admirable compositions as "The School for Scandal" appears tame and artificial. From beginning to end the comedy dances, as it were, on tiptoe, full of laughter, of richly-comic dialogue, of wit, fun, frolic, and an abounding, effervescent humor. Nowhere else does Shakespeare seem to have given such free rein to his overflowing animal spirits except in the delineation of *Falstaff*; and the utterances of the characters on every page explode like so many bottles of champagne.

The plot of the play is very simple. The dominions of a certain worthy duke have been usurped by his brother, and the true owner of the dukedom has been driven into exile. In this his extremity he takes refuge in a certain forest of Arden which is not laid down on the maps, and geographically is the vaguest of localities, but which, thanks to Shakespeare, is one of the most real and familiar of all places. Here, surrounded by a number of his lords who have remained faithful to him in his fallen fortunes, the good duke passes his time in hunting, moralizing, and enjoying the charms of the wild life of the woods; and those pursuits and enjoyments are shared by his companions. Among them is a certain *Jakues*, a musing philosopher, of middle age, or perhaps a little older; and, soon after the opening of the play, other personages join the woodland group—*Touchstone* and two young ladies, *Rosalind* and *Celia*. These make their appearance in the most natural manner, for all is natural in this comedy. *Touchstone* has been the ducal clown, or court fool. *Rosalind* is the daughter of the exiled duke, and *Celia* the daughter of the usurper. The usurper quarrels with *Rosalind*, and drives her from court—her cousin *Celia* resolves to fly with her; they disguise themselves, *Rosalind* as a peasant and *Celia* as his sister; and to secure a protector they apply to *Touchstone*, the fool, to accompany them, to which he at once assents: and the three thus make their appearance in Arden Forest, where they live in a cottage, and set up as shepherdesses.

Thenceforward the play busies itself with the odd humors of the foresters, the loves of *Rosalind* and *Orlando*, and of *Audrey* and *Touchstone*, the wit, the sparkle, the lambent play of broad or delicate humor, and the fitful and evanescent charms of life in the forest. This latter constitutes, indeed, the

greatest attraction of the comedy. The wonderful genius of the writer has infused into his work a peculiar flavor, the flavor of the fields and woods. He takes us away from cities and courts to the forest of Arden, and we have no sooner entered that enchanted domain than some magical influence seems to descend and surround the men and women of his fancy with a new atmosphere. This atmosphere is as unmistakable as the atmosphere in the landscape of a great painter; and the author's words impress the very senses. We hear the babbling of the brook beside which *Jakues* stretches himself, see the antique roots on the grassy margin, and catch the whisper of the oak-leaves as they rustle in the summer wind. The very inner spirit of sylvan life speaks in these wonderful pictures—in the blue sky, the cool shadows, the gay songs of the birds, and the joyous carol of young *Amiens*:

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!"

We listen, and all the conventional world disappears. There are no longer any bustling scenes of money-making, of ambition, of vain and foolish striving after the tinsel prizes of the artificial life of society. It is Shakespeare himself who leads the way into the dewy forest, who beckons to us, with smiles, singing, "Come hither! come hither! come hither!" and who assures us that all here is friendly, fresh, and charming; that here, at least, we shall—

" . . . see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

After this fresh, rich, and variegated picture, full not only of brilliant wit and humor, and the most delightful influences of Nature, but also of the most admirably-drawn characters, the sharply-contrasted figures of the melancholy *Jakues* and *Touchstone* the fool, are among the most prominent. The general theory has hitherto been that in the former Shakespeare intended to draw a musing philosopher of brusque manners but kindly disposition, and in the latter a man addicted to the broadest humor, but generous and amiable under all his farcical wit and satire. The view now urged is that both personages were sour in temper and cynical in disposition; and the inquiry is interesting, for what Shakespeare meant when he drew his men and women is an important matter. The immense genius of the man has so pervaded the life and thought of the modern world that a question—say, like that of *Hamlet's* sanity or insanity—becomes one of serious interest. Whether *Jakues* and *Touchstone* were cynics or kindly humorists may not be so profound or important an inquiry, but it is an interesting one, if only from the great popularity of the characters on the stage.

It is necessary to set forth a little more fully the new view of these personages, and the fairest and best method of doing so is to extract from "A Tale of Arden Forest" a few sentences containing the substance of the theory of the writer. The sentences quoted will necessarily be selected here and

there, as the article is one of considerable length; but the meaning of the author will not be misrepresented nor his text garbled. The italics are our own:

"What *Jagues* meant by melancholy was what we now call cynicism—a sullen, scoffing, snarling spirit. And this *Jagues* had. He was simply a cynic, and a very bitter one. . . . His own humorous sadness was a sadness of ill-humor. His humor was cynicism, and it tinged all his views of life and of his fellow-men, so that, when he thought over his travels and experience of the world, he took a gloomy view of life and a low view of mankind. He was one of those men who believe in nothing good. One day *Jagues* lit upon the fool as he lay basking in the sun and railing at Fortune, for *Touchstone*, too, was a cynic, . . . and was taking the saddest, blackest view of human life. This so chimed with *Jagues's* own humor that the gloominess of the fool made him cheerful; and, even coming where the duke was, he broke out into praise of the fool, . . . and began to snarl as usual, . . . whereupon the duke broke out upon him with reproaches, and told him some plain truth; that his own life had been so sinful that he had no right to censure others. . . . This hint was enough to start *Jagues* off on a more than usually characteristic outpouring of his cynicism. His reply was that all the world was only a stage, and all the men and women in it were merely players. Their birth and death he called mere entrance and mere exit. Then, stirred up by the welcome, degrading thought, he gave his companions a specimen of a cynic's table-talk, . . . describing the infant, the school-boy, the young lover, the manly soldier, the justice, and the alderman, each in scoffing and disparaging terms. In fact, he seized the occasion to sneer at the representatives of the whole human race. . . . *Touchstone* was distinguished by the dryness and causticity of his wit. No softness of heart won any love for him, no playfulness of disposition gave any charm to his fooling. He was not to be led off into playful pranks on the one side, or the weakness of sentiment on the other. . . . *Rosalind* came upon them reading some verses, whereupon *Touchstone* began to sneer at them. . . . Amid all this joy, did the moralizing *Jagues* find any cause for rejoicing? No: the pleasures of others filled his breast with bile and envy, and, with a few civil words to the gentlefolks, and a snarl at his fellow-cynic *Touchstone*, he disappeared."

The meaning of the writer is here plainly and fairly stated. *Jagues* and *Touchstone* are cynics. Their great delight is to sneer. They are cold-hearted and corrupt. They have few if any good qualities, and certainly no weak "sentiment" whatever. They revel in ill-nature; look with jealousy on the happiness of others; and, generally speaking, were intended by the great man who drew their portraits to represent the bad side of human nature.—Such is the view presented as justly deducible from Shakespeare's text. To test its accuracy it will be necessary to examine this text, and to look at the sayings and doings of these two worthies as their portraits grow, scene after scene, and feature after feature, under the hand of Shakespeare.

We hear of the melancholy *Jagues* before he appears. To have the scene in which the first indications of his character are given before the mind's eye, the reader must imagine himself in the middle of hidden forests, and for the time surrender himself com-

pletely to the spirit of the locality. Under the foliage of the great oaks opening here and there into glades and vistas, across which, in the distance, deer are seen from time to time to dart and disappear, the exiled duke, surrounded by his lords, is holding his sylvan court. The scene is bright and picturesque. A stream is dancing through the glade, the birds sing in the trees, and the group of lords, in their costume of foresters or huntsmen—for the chase is their principal if not only means of support—present a wild and attractive appearance. In the midst stands the duke, an aged man with a face full of dignity and benevolence; and the first words which we hear him utter contain an eloquent eulogy of the free life of the forest. He then proceeds to suggest to his lords that they should indulge in the pleasures of the chase; but no sooner has he made this suggestion than his kind heart relents, and he adds that it pains him to think that the poor deer should be gored with arrows in their own forest-haunts—which introduces the first reference to *Jagues*, one of his lords replying:

" . . . Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy *Jagues* grieves at that,
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother who has banished you."

This reference to the melancholy *Jagues* evidently interests the duke, and the speaker then proceeds to relate an incident which had occurred on the same day. He and *Amiens* had been walking in the forest, when they saw a wounded deer come to the water of a brook to drink, and *Jagues* stretched under a tree looking at the poor animal. Curious to observe the effect of this incident on the musing philosopher, they had stolen up behind him and listened. As they had probably expected, *Jagues* was muttering to himself, and they overheard him. He was evidently struck by the useless addition of the wounded animal's tears to the full stream, and—

"Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being
there alone,

Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
'Tis right, quoth he; thus misery doth part
The flux of company. Anon a careless herd
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth
Jagues,

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assigned and native dwelling-place."

When the duke asks whether they left *Jagues* in this mood of "contemplation," the reply is—

"We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer."

It is difficult to believe that Shakespeare invented this incident to convey the impression that *Jagues* was a person of cynical disposition. He is represented as shedding tears at the sight of a wounded deer, and

men of bad hearts and bitter tempers are not apt to indulge in such weakness. His grief at the spectacle of suffering is mingled with indignation at the commission of injustice—another trait not characteristic of a hard heart—and it should be observed that this indignation does not lead him to "sneer," which Dr. Johnson says is "to insinuate contempt by covert expressions." *Jagues* openly denounces, and spares no class. The poor animal's tears dripping in the stream remind him of the fashion of worldlings who leave their wealth to those too rich already instead of to the poor. Where the herd of deer leap carelessly by without thought of their wounded comrade, he indignantly compares them to so many fat and greasy citizens who pass contemptuously or indifferently by some unfortunate bankrupt. When *Amiens* and his friend leave him they leave him "weeping."

When we next encounter *Jagues* he is among his friends in a glade of the forest, and is listening to the song sung by the gay *Amiens*, beginning—

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me?"

Here the author retouches the first outline of his portrait. Before, *Jagues* was a tender-hearted dreamer, weeping and denouncing injustice and cruelty. Now, he is a dry, brusque, unceremonious jester, breaking the shafts of his wit on his familiar companions. He gives free rein to his eccentric humor and satire, exclaiming ironically when *Amiens* ends his song:

"More, more, I prithee more! . . .

I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel
sucks eggs."

"I know I cannot please you,"

replies *Amiens*; whereupon *Jagues*, in the same spirit of dry humor, says:

"I do not desire you to please me, I do desire
you to sing."

The young lord accordingly agrees to sing the rest of the song, as the duke is soon expected, and this allusion to the duke induces him to add that he has been looking all day for *Jagues*. The response of the latter to this intimation is:

"And I have been all this day to avoid him! . . .
Come, warble! come!"

Soon after this the eccentric philosopher retires, informing the company that he is going to sleep if he can—if he cannot, he will rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

In this scene the deportment of *Jagues* cannot fairly be called snarling or cynical. His brusque and unceremonious humor is such as a man is apt to indulge when he is with intimate friends whom he can treat without formality. His tone is careless and ironical. He is the familiar associate of *Amiens* and the rest, jests to pass the time, and goes away with a laugh and a yawn to lie down and sleep. This, at least, seems to have been Shakespeare's idea in writing the scene. It had probably no special significance, however, in his eye, and was intended only to vary the picture on the stage by presenting to the spectator a group of foresters laughing, jesting, and singing.

Jagues next gives an account of his meet-

ing with the fool *Touchstone*. When the scene opens, the duke appears, surrounded as before by his lords, and breaks out into complaints against *Jagues*. He has been searching everywhere for that eccentric personage; and, evidently laboring under ill-humor, exclaims that he must have transformed himself into a *beast*, as he (the duke) could nowhere find him in the shape of a *man*! When he is informed that *Jagues* has just left them in fine spirits ("Here was he *merry*!") the irritated duke exclaims that he would as soon have looked for "discord in the spheres;" and, as *Jagues* makes his appearance the next moment, he bursts forth with—"Why, how now, monsieur? What a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company!"

It was not *Amiens* and the rest who were thus compelled to woo the company of *Jagues*, since he had just left them—it was the duke; and his self-depreciatory phrase, "your poor friends," indicates his resentment at the apparent want of respect with which *Jagues* treated him. His harsh expressions were probably caused by this momentary irritation, not apparently, or, at least, necessarily, by a low opinion of *Jagues*, or by dislike of his character. As *Jagues* still looks *merry*, the duke intimates his surprise, whereupon the philosopher explains the cause of this merriment. He had just met, he said, the oddest character in the woods. He was evidently some court-fool, for he was dressed in motley, and had indulged in the most comic and satirical discourse, beginning with the grave statement that, inasmuch as it was just ten o'clock when he and *Jagues* met, it had been *nine* an hour before, and in another hour it would be *eleven*! The fool had then proceeded to utter sarcastic jests at the expense of the fair sex, which had so amused him (*Jagues*) that he wished he himself were a fool—if he were, he added, he would embrace the opportunity, depending on the free speech allowed such characters, to reform the community by satirizing absurdities, and "cleanse the foul body of the infected world." He added, however, to guard himself from the imputation of personal malice in attacking the abuses of society, that his denunciations would be general, not particular—directed at classes, and not at individuals, who would thus have no right to complain that his invective was meant for them personally. His satire could not wound the innocent, as it would have no application to them; and there the discussion between the duke and the philosopher ended.

The utterances of *Jagues* in this scene do not seem to betray any propensity to snarl—the tendency of an ill-tempered man to find fault with all around him for the pleasure of finding fault. He satirizes worldly foibles and absurdities because they deserve to be held up to ridicule; and in all ages and countries such satire has been considered legitimate, even praiseworthy. It is the fashion with some persons to regard the great satirists, from Aristophanes and Juvenal to Pope and Thackeray, as men of cynical disposition, inspired by scorn for their species—but no charge could be more unjust. When Dr. Johnson

writes in his satire, "The Vanity of Human Wishes"—

"Down Marlborough's cheeks the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveler and a show!"—

he does not prove himself a cynic. That Marlborough, the hero of a hundred battles, should become a weeping dotard, and Swift, the first intellect of his age, a poor, insane driveler, is not to him an absurd but an inexpressibly sorrowful thought. If the picture lowers our estimate of human nature, the fact does not prove that the painter was inspired by malice; and, in the case of satire in general, the scorn visited on vice, pretension, or absurdity, is rather the trait of elevated than of little minds. The respect they have for what is decent and becoming makes such men impatient of wrong or folly, and this is the spirit inspiring *Jagues*. He is bitter sometimes, but not more so than the gay and amiable young *Amiens*, who sings—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot!"

In the next scene *Jagues* gives his famous description of the various stages of human life, from the infant in the nurse's arms to the old man, who, without teeth, without hearing, without eyesight, with every faculty gone, is gradually drawing near to the tomb. This passage is justly regarded as one of the most vigorous and striking to be found in the dramas of Shakespeare. It has not been regarded as bitter or cynical in tone—the diatribe of a writer despising humanity and making it the subject of ridicule; but rather as the half-sad, half-smiling, half-comic, and half-tragic picture of the little being called man, drawn by a man like the rest. Regarding *Jagues*, however, as essentially a cynic, his critic considers this passage as "a more than usually characteristic outpouring of his cynicism;" and the comparison of human life to a stage, with its exits and entrances, as "a welcome and degrading thought."

The portraits drawn in this passage of the play have never impressed us as intended to be harsh or bitter—rather as sad, smiling, and regretful. The writer laughs, but the laugh is not an unkind laugh. The lover who sighs like a furnace, and compares a woful ballad to the eyebrows of his mistress, is not thereby degraded in our estimation. The child, the schoolboy, with shining morning face, and the soldier, so jealous of honor that he seeks the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth, interest instead of revolting us. We laugh at his worship the justice, with his fair, round belly, indicative of high living, and his trite utterances—he is a man like ourselves, a good citizen, and useful in his sphere. And if the portrait of the gray-beard in lean and slippered pantaloons, with his senses dulled, and his voice returning to its childish treble, is not an agreeable picture, still it is not one that degrades humanity. It may be sad, but it cannot be called

cynical, or the man who draws it a cynic. As to the metaphor of the stage—the comparison of human life to a drama, in which birth and death are the entrance and exit of the actors—there seems to be nothing "degrading" in the figure. On the same page the good duke speaks of the world as a "theatre;" and "the theatre of human life" is an every-day expression. Shakespeare certainly did not look upon the comparison as a cynical one, or he would not have made the mournful *Macbeth* exclaim:

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

Following in regular succession as they stand in the play, the scenes in which *Jagues* makes his appearance as an actor, we come next to that in which he and *Orlando*, the lover of *Rosalind*, engage in their sharp wit-combat. This resembles a duel between two swordsmen of nearly equal skill, and the lunges and parrying on both sides are incessant. *Orlando* is the more indignant and excited—*Jagues* the more brusque and mordant. His dry humor is allowed full swing, and he evidently takes delight in teasing his chance acquaintance:

"I pray you mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks!"

he says, satirically.

"I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly!"

retorts *Orlando*, hotly.

"Rosalind is your love's name?"

"Yes, just."

"I do not like her name."

"There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened!"

"What stature is she of?"

"Just as high as my heart."

"You have a nimble wit. . . . The worst fault you have is to be in love."

"'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you."

"By my troth I was seeking for a fool when I found you."

"He is drowned in the brook; look but in and you shall see him."

. . . . "Farewell, good signior love!"

. . . . "Adieu, good monsieur melancholy!"

This scene does not necessarily show any tendency in *Jagues* to "jeer at the tender passion," but only seems to be an illustration of his fondness for indulging his dry humor, and making fun of the romantic "sentiment" of young lovers. In all ages of the world people have laughed at the vagaries of young men attacked by this disease—but the laughter has always been friendly. We appeal to the reader for the truth of this. Age laughs at youthful follies of this description, but the laughter is kindly and a little regretful that the time has passed when we too can indulge in such happy absurdity! *Jagues* evidently regards *Orlando* as fair game, and makes fun of him for carving *Rosalind's* name on the trees of the forest; but when *Rosalind* herself makes her appearance in her page's dress—whether known or unknown to him we have no means of determining, though it seems he must have seen her at her father's court—his tone be-

comes altogether different. The delicate page is quite different from the strapping *Orlando* who threw the duke's wrestler, and the satirical jester becomes the courteous gentleman.

"I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with you," he says, gently.

And when the audacious *Rosalind* breaks her jests upon him, after her habit, he does not reply in the same tone. When she charges him with being a "melancholy fellow," and adds that such a person is no better than "a drunkard," *Jaques* replies, with unmoved gentleness still—

"Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing."

"Why, then, 'tis good to be a poet!"

cries the satirical girl.

And the glove is openly thrown down for a wit-combat. *Jaques* does not pick it up, however. He has just shown in the scene with *Orlando* that his enjoyment of such a collision of wits is great. *Rosalind* challenges him to the encounter. Her sparkling eyes invite his retort, that her own retort may follow it—and *Jaques* makes no retort whatever. He proceeds in the mildest and most courteous tone to describe his peculiar melancholy, which he attributes chiefly to contemplation and travel; and when *Rosalind* breaks in saucily with—

"A traveller? By my faith! . . . I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's!"

Jaques maintains his courteous bearing, and replies simply—

"Yes, I have gained my experience."

The passage in which the woodland philosopher describes the peculiar species of melancholy of which he is the victim throws a broad light on his character. A man's estimate of himself is not always just, but that here given by *Jaques* seems in accordance with his acts and speeches throughout the comedy; appears to have been intended by Shakespeare as an accurate description of the man; and has so been regarded by the mass of readers and spectators of the play. *Rosalind* has led him to speak of himself by throwing at him her gay speech—

"They say you are a melancholy fellow,"

to which he replies:

"I am so, I do love it better than laughing."

For fear, however, apparently, that his meaning may not be fully understood, he proceeds to give an exact definition of his prevailing mood. His melancholy, or tendency to fix his mind in a mood of sad abstraction upon some one subject—the former meaning of the word—is not, he tells his fair adversary, the melancholy of the scholar, musician, courtier, soldier, lawyer, lady, or lover, but a *melancholy of his own*. It was the result of travel and observation—was compounded of many simples, and extracted from many objects—it was not bitter, sour, or misanthropic, he intimated, but might be described in a few words as a *most humorous sadness*.

The single phrase here put by Shakespeare in the mouth of *Jaques* seems to us to sum up his whole character. The pervad-

ing, controlling trait of his mental organization, he declared was "a most humorous sadness." The life of humanity had passed before him in all its phases; he had traveled in foreign lands, and everywhere seen men and women swayed by the same passions, moved by the same impulses, laughing or weeping from the same joys or sorrows; he had lived at court, and witnessed the struggles of ambition, the greed of place or of gold, the sufferings of the weak, the oppressions of the strong; and, lastly, here in the remote recesses of the forest the comedy of life was still played before him—men and women were the same creatures in this quiet retreat as in the great world. Such had been his experience; he had looked on, observed closely, mused at the spectacle, and the result was his habitual melancholy. It was not a bitter sentiment—that of the hater of his species. It was rather a sad sentiment, and had even a humorous tinge; in one word his prevailing mood was a *most humorous sadness*. To sum up the impression produced upon us, at least by this passage, it seems to show clearly that Shakespeare meant to portray in *Jaques* a personage essentially kindly, not cynical; a musing philosopher given to meditation on the vanity of human life; indignant when some special act of injustice aroused his indignation, or some offensive pretension excited his scorn, as when the strong oppressed the weak, or the rich passed disdainfully by the poor—but save on these occasions a tranquil philosopher, who had little concern with mankind or the world, and asked nothing better than to be left in peace, with full freedom to stretch himself beneath some tree of the forest, to muse on human life, and to indulge his "most humorous sadness."

In the last scene of the comedy *Jaques* bids farewell to all his old associates, declaring his intention to visit and converse with the usurping duke who has relinquished the dukedom to its rightful owner, and retired to the cell of a hermit to expiate his wrong-doing. Everybody is about to marry, as befits the conclusion of a comedy; the couples make their appearance hand-in-hand; and, if any doubt existed of the essential kindness of *Jaques*'s heart, it would now be dispelled.

To the good duke, who had more than once addressed him in a tone of irritation and scant courtesy, he says, with noble dignity:

"You to your former honor I bequeath,
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it."

To *Orlando*, with whom he had crossed weapons in that keen combat in the forest one day—at whom he had laughed, and who had in turn angrily denounced him, he says:

"You to a love that your true faith doth merit."

And to the rest he utters good-wishes as courteously and earnestly worded as these. It is only when he comes to his old comrade *Touchstone* the fool, who is about to marry *Audrey* the "country wench," that a flash of his dry humor and spirit of fun breaks forth. To *Touchstone* he bequeaths "wrangling" as the result of matrimony; adding, with a touch of his habitual satire, that his "loving voyage is but for two months victualled!"

He then turns to go; and, though the good duke, full of grief at parting with him, cries, "Stay, *Jaques*, stay!" he disappears, and we hear of the sad, humorous, brusque, courteous, indignant, and kind-hearted, "melancholy *Jaques*" no more!

Our comments on Mr. White's theory in regard to *Touchstone* we must postpone to another paper.

J. ESTEN COOKE.

THE MISSION OF HOUSEHOLD ART.

THE world of taste owes much to Mr. Charles Wyllys Elliott for his present crusade.

He has become the "Apostle Elliott" of American interiors, and has not only preached and practised reform, but has written a book, last and greatest of knightly efforts. Mr. Elliott has been seized with the passion which for ten years has made England and the Continent one great *bric-à-brac* shop, and turned everybody into a collector of something—either china, or Lucretia Borgia cabinets, or rare old andirons, or candlesticks—but, instead of doing it selfishly, he has collected for the whole world. He has especially searched Holland, and unearthed much in that great *répertoire* which is quaint, sincere, and valuable. It has become a crime now in Boston or its elegant neighborhood to have an unbeautiful room. A horsehair sofa, which was once but a misdemeanor, has become one of the capital sins since Mr. Elliott has made it easy and cheap to have a set of furniture beautiful and artistic in the place of the old abominations. No one dares to select a wall-paper which would offend the principles of William Morris, while sideboards and bookcases of mediæval design, with lovely keys which Lucretia Borgia might have worn at her girdle, and which Benvenuto Cellini may have originally designed, lock up the tea and sugar from pilfering domestics. Doors swing not on modern hinges, but on long brass ornamental bars, which make the old conundrum possible: "Why is a lady like a hinge?"—"Because she is a *thing to adore*." Chairs are graceful, easy, strong, and ancient. It becomes more than ever necessary to have a grandfather—not one like that mentioned by Dickens, in the case of the Veneerings, "who if they had wanted a grandfather, would have ordered him fresh from Fortnum & Mason's;" but a real one, who had square-backed sofas, Mayflower chairs and bureaus, with much brass-fitting, and, if possible, a secret drawer or two. A clock dating back to 1675 is also indispensable, and it becomes of little consequence whether grandfather was an amiable or ornamental character himself, so that he left good furniture behind him.

But every one cannot have such an ancestor, and after a few years of antiquarian appetite, garrets become emptied, and the hungry know not where to be fed. To meet this demand, to mould the taste to a better and more sensible shape, to place well-built and well-drawn pieces of furniture before the modern eye, to draw from antiquity its beau-

ties and not its mistakes, and, above all, to make such furniture *cheap*, is Mr. Elliott's aim and end, and, as such work must be done with enthusiasm and a certain intent above mere purposes of trade, we may congratulate ourselves that a gentleman, a scholar, and an artist, one whose taste, always good, has been constantly improved by foreign travel, has chosen to lend himself to it.

Beauty is expensive, and can be bought by the wealthy always. Taste can be bought. Correggios are for sale, if you have enough money wherewith to pay for them; but what hope was there for the poor couple who, a few years ago, wanted to make a tasteful home for themselves on very little money? If the woman had taste, she nailed up a piece of chintz here and a cheap engraving there, and, by putting a vase of flowers on her table—Nature's unfeeling mitigation of the sorrows of upholstery—she made a pretty room, especially if *she* were pretty, and sat by the fireside—an unfeeling magnet. But she could not buy a handsome piece of furniture, scarcely a pretty carpet, and every one remembers the bright, staring, red-and-yellow-flowered tapestry, the desperately ugly suit of furniture, brought in from the nearest cabinet-maker's, and the wall-paper whose ugliness was either neutral or positive, with which so many a married pair began life. Who knows how much of incompatibility of temper, sorrow, passionate discontent, mutual disgust, may not have grown out of these unhappy surroundings? Nay, Indiana divorce laws may be perhaps directly traced to some frightful inharmoniousness in wall-paper. The soothing influence of an Eastlake bookcase on an irritated husband has never been sufficiently calculated. He might cast his eyes upward during a Caudle lecture, and be immeasurably appeased by a peacock-green paper, with an appropriate dado. And who can tell how much a chintz dressing-room, and a few pieces of coveted china, may not have done toward making a *femme incomprise* decide that her fate was not so intolerable but that she would wait a few years longer before traveling westward?

Viewed in this light (and modern philosophy will tell us that we have a right to approach the spirit through the flesh), how immoral ugly furniture, tasteless carpets, badly-conceived chairs, and vulgar bookcases, become! We must have beauty around us if it is to make us good, and we all concede that we need every outward help and stimulant to that end. Therefore we hail with delight cheap beauty. Mr. Elliott has shown us that even the jugs and ewers of the wash-stand may be made of antique and artistic shape and of beautiful color as cheap as or cheaper than the ugly and meaningless ones. Kitchen-utensils may take on a shape as classic as the amphora, and the modern Rebecca may go to the well with a vase as convenient and ornamental as the one borne by her Scriptural prototype, instead of clattering along with a wooden pail, hung in her hand by a very ugly and rather rusty wire.

Tiles, those suggestive and pictorial things, have entered largely into this Renaissance. Our ancestors knew enough to build

them into their Puritan fireplaces, where the chill, dim afternoons of a New England winter were often lighted up by their suggestions of Biblical stories, Æsop's fables, or the less common and less moral teachings of a heathen mythology. How many an envious spirit may have been silently rebuked by the blue fox and grapes, which preached to him, patiently and perpetually, from the jambs! There is much morality in a tile. It is a patient instructor, never deserting its pulpit, never failing in its own steadfast devotion to duty. Build Æsop's fables, with their immortal teachings, into your fireplace, and you will have to tear your house down to get them out. So with all forms of household art and household beauty; their influence is atmospheric—we are bathed in it. The eye reads off as from an open book the congenial, the soothing, and the refined, or the garish, the inharmonious, and the exasperating.

A feverish patient, in the long imprisonment of a sick-room, gets to hate an ugly wall-paper almost dangerously. We see on the squalid walls of poor tenement-houses a pathetic attempt at adornment in the hanging up of the pictures of the cheap illustrated weeklies. To this natural desire for pretty drapery, this hunger of the eye for some agreeable object on which to rest, the tile affords a very agreeable relief. For the rich, the tile presents every form now of beautiful floral decoration, mosaics of color, birds, beasts, and fish; the dining-room the drawing-room, and the bedroom, all have their delicate and appropriate colors and designs. What is better? The poor can ornament their rooms with these imperishable and pretty objects. Mr. Elliott imports from England and Holland, and causes to be made here, tiles at a very low price, so that the lover of art can redeem his commonplace parlor cheaply and easily.

But Mr. Elliott's book of "American Interiors" is at once a suggestion of what may be done in the future, as well as a story of what has been done. It opens with that noble and beautiful room, the refectory of Memorial Hall, Cambridge. It is a part of the art-education of every student, who spends his four years at Harvard University, to see this room; and to *eat in it* adds the æsthetic to the practical. Mr. Elliott gives us the libraries of Bryant, Longfellow, and Donald Mitchell, and several rooms designed and decorated by himself; views of handsome rooms in Cincinnati and Newport indicate how infinite is the variety of modern taste. The eye has become a sultan, and can command its thousand beauties.

The essays which accompany the pictures are written with wit and taste. Mr. Elliott is not prejudiced, he is very liberal and catholic in his ideas, and, while he rejects the false and ugly, instinctively, he still allows the largest exercise of individual *penchant* in the furnishing and decorating of a house; indeed, he says, as every other person of true taste says, that your house and mine must be the outcroppings of you and me to be our own; but still, the education of the young, and those who are just beginning to make a home, probably on small means, is necessarily

very imperfect, and the advice of one who has first studied painting and the harmony of color, and then of one who has seen many rooms, and has found out by experience what is bad and what is good, is invaluable, as saving one from making those mistakes which are at once expensive and troublesome.

To make "American interiors" agreeable and beautiful at a small cost, is Mr. Elliott's first ambition; to make them beautiful at a very generous outlay is as entirely within his scope; and one of the prettiest and most tasteful additions to anybody's drawing-room will be this new book of his, one of the most luxurious and tasteful additions to our recent literature.

M. E. W. S.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

IN an analysis (lately published) of the military strength of the various European nations, the five "Great Powers" muster as follows: Germany, 1,700,000; France, 1,700,000; Russia, 1,550,000; Austria, 535,000; and England, 535,000. In this estimate of England, however, only the thoroughly efficient portion of the volunteers are included. If we count the army reserve and the whole body of volunteers in the three countries, irrespective of their being or not up to the established standard of efficiency, we shall not be exaggerating in suggesting a total of 700,000 men who bear arms. The resources of England for defensive purposes have always been underrated, just as, on the other hand, her capabilities for aggression have frequently been over-estimated. The regular army, which alone is liable for foreign service, is nominally 200,000 men; and these are paper figures, for the average actual battalion strength is under 650 "duty-men." Besides, the whole force of the country is so widely distributed, and so large a proportion of it is constantly required to hold Ireland in check, and to maintain order, and gild royalty in London, that at most but one-half of the whole actual force could be spared for foreign service.

The regular army is composed of the usual departments of infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, and subsidiary corps; and of these, without doubt, the cream is the artillery. A branch of the latter, styled the "Royal Horse Artillery," consisting of men picked from the ordinary artillery brigades, would seem to be perfect in *physique, morale*, training, and equipment. Their stature is uniform, five feet eight inches; they are powerful, thick-set, *springy* men; their horses are light and high-bred, altogether superior to those of the line-cavalry; and the men have a pride in their profession, and an *esprit de corps* that is not so marked in the other branches of the service.

The infantry is subdivided into guards and line, the former always stationed in London and Windsor, except in case of war; the latter taking their regular turn on foreign service, now in India, Gibraltar, or the Cape, now in some miserable Scotch or Irish country town, but never tasting of the much-envied joys of metropolitan barrack-life. The

guardsman is slightly better paid, is exposed to less hardship, and, through living in London, acquires more effeminate airs than his less fortunate brother of the shako, by whom he is nicknamed "feather-bed soldier." He has also a more expensive uniform, is a heavier type of manhood, and is considered more intelligent generally than the linesman. But, laying these enviable distinctions aside, the *régime* and spirit are much the same in both cases: the guardsman will serve as a representative British soldier. He enlists in one of the seven battalions of Foot - Guards - Grenadier, Coldstream, or Scots Fusilier. The causes that may have induced him to take this step are various: natural predilection, poverty, drunkenness, or merely "spreeing;" frequently disappointment in love or business, and, unfortunately, too frequently crime. Young, smooth-faced devotees of Mars, lumpy ploughman, dapper cockney, morose Scot, thief, defalcator, broken-down spendthrift, bully, and educated gentleman—the last, of course, the exception—make such an heterogeneous mass as only the genius of a drill-sergeant can reduce to order and consistency. In this category the only man who takes to the life deliberately as a profession is the uneducated English country ploughboy; the intelligent Scotch petty tradesman or artisan, who has a "far thought" in his cranium; and sometimes the city clerk, who, having lost his situation and character through a "spree" or love-entanglement, is determined to conform to the "rules and regulations," and to make the best of it in a life which, though it offers but few prospects, is yet healthy, inspiring, and stirring. As a consequence, it is these men who make the best soldiers, and not the broken-down teacher, or student, or business-man, whose life is a waste, whose feelings are keen, and who, while his prospects are shattered, has still his pride ever on the alert against the encroachments of the vulgarity which must every day be his daily portion. And woe to the poor enthusiast, the voracious consumer of "penny-gaff" sentimentality, who joins *avidus gloria!* Still more bitter the disappointment to the drunkard or the man of irregular and indolent habits, who, unable to keep a position in civil life, enters the army as a refuge from the demands of respectability!

Very sharp and speedy will be his disillusion; for, though there is plenty of leisure in the soldier's life, there are, nevertheless, more punctuality, method, neatness, and sobriety, required, even to escape unhappiness, than go to make up the characters of a dozen archbishops. A young fellow of education and refinement enlists in a fit of intoxication or despair; his parents, unable to purchase his discharge, are broken-hearted; and by-and-by a friend consoles them by saying: "Oh, cheer up! he is a splendid fellow; with his education he is sure to get a commission one of these days." His education! Yes, that is all very well; but what are his habits? Has he a temperament that will be subordinate to authority, even when that authority is wielded by an insolent and vulgar wretch? or has his temper, and with it his spirits, to be broken on the wheel? Years roll on: Sims the ploughboy learns to read and scrawl,

drops his slouchy gait, and becomes a pattern of smartness and obedience; and those three cherished gold stripes meet his fondest dreams. But look at the records of the other! Drunkenness, insubordination, absence, guardroom, cells, in one unvarying round. He becomes a machine just like the other, but with broken spirits, shattered hopes, and ruined character.

When fairly through the hands of the drill-sergeant—a process which occupies five months—the recruit enters on his regular duties in one of the London barracks. His duties consist of the usual morning-drill, inlying picket, mounting guard on one of the palaces, or on bank, tyll, or magazine, and of the unwelcome offices of "swab," assistant cook, or fatigue-man. He gets on an average six nights in bed, and on clear days he has the whole day from 12 M. to 10 P.M. to himself, and twice in the week he may have leave granted to stay out for the night. If he remains in barracks, he has the canteen and an excellent library to choose between; if he goes out, it is only to stroll about, have a glass, and return to burnish up for the morrow; possibly he may go to meet his "Judy," if it happens to be Susan's evening out; or, more fortunate still, he may have a connection with "high life below-stairs" in the purlieus of Belgrave Square and Park Lane, and in that case our worthy hero becomes indeed a *fat* man as well as a spruce man. On this ground considerable rivalry exists between him and the "bobby," or policeman—Susan sometimes favoring the one, sometimes the other, and sometimes—*horrible dictu!*—both.

But out of barracks as well as in, Private Jones is on his dignity, chin-strap down, hair nicely done, chest like a peacock's, waist tightly belted, and boots as resplendent as his own rubicund visage. Not a shadow of discontent lurks under that scarlet coat, nay, he thinks more of his four shillings a week—clear money—than the tradesman does of his forty shillings. And well he knows that not the tradesman, nor the counter-jumper, can compete with him in the affections of his pigeon-pie-and-beer-bestowing cookie—none but that hated "perliceman." He gets four shillings a week—clear money—as I have said, but out of that he has to provide butter for breakfast and tea, and something for supper—mayhap a pint of porter and penn'orth of cheese, two and a half pence—and all his underclothing and cleaning materials; but, strange to say, he sometimes manages to lodge money in the regimental savings-bank. He gets a pat of butter for a half-penny, an ounce of tobacco for one and a half penny. Sometimes he makes two shillings a week by serving as "batman" to a sergeant; and then there are the everlastingly-recurring royal birthdays when, if he happens to be on duty, he always gets a something, and then there is bank-picket when he gets one shilling a night extra, and when the officer divides his allowance—one guinea—in tobacco among the men. If he becomes a sergeant, he will receive seventeen shillings and sixpence a week—married quarters—coal and gas, and he can have from the regimental stores enough provisions for two shillings and

four and a half pence to feed a family for a fortnight.

But there an end—once a sergeant he must remain a sergeant. For the abolition of purchase affects him in no way; the cadet examination would be enough to frighten him even if he possessed the necessary attainments; it costs more to prepare for that examination than it formerly did to purchase a commission, and after that there are two years of expensive and severe training at Sandhurst or Woolwich, preparatory to obtaining a commission. When all that has been passed through successfully, he would have nothing but his pay to live on, and on that he could not live in an officers' mess. True, he has one chance in forty to become a sergeant-major, and one in eighty to be appointed quartermaster; but in the former case he would still be a non-commissioned officer with additional responsibility and not much additional pay, and in the latter his want of education and business experience would make his duties tedious to the last degree. If, however, he is a "good drill," he may get an appointment as adjutant to a decimated and demoralized regiment returning from India. But one sergeant who received such an appointment told me he bitterly regretted his acceptance of it, for in the first place he had lived more comfortably on his seventeen shillings and sixpence a week as sergeant than on his ten shillings a day as an officer; and in the next, he had no associates, he was just treated civilly by his brother officers, and, in any case, could not feel at home with them. "Give me back the jolly sergeants' mess!" he said, wistfully.

Notwithstanding the perfection of drill and discipline that is so evident in those best of English foot-regiments, the guards, yet great injustice and petty tyranny prevail in the relations between non-commissioned officer and private. The officers are so far removed from the men, and in so many cases leave the responsibility of studying their interests in the hands of the non-commissioned officers, that when ill-feeling arises between a man and his sergeant, the man is sure to get the worst of it, even when he is not in fault. A private must not approach his captain with a complaint unless accompanied by a sergeant, and it can easily be imagined what, with such an arrangement, are the chances of a fair settlement. By the regulations, a private may appeal to his colonel, or even to the general of his brigade, but there are so many obstacles placed in the way of his ever doing so, that the permission stands a dead letter.

Frequently the captain does not know the names of half a dozen men in his company—they are all No. 1 and No. 2 to him on parade—the color-sergeant pays the men and has the management of all the affairs of the company in his hands. And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, while the non-commissioned officers are sometimes detested, the officer is universally respected. A young man of education has to keep his light under a bushel until he gets his first promotion, and becomes personally known to the officers. Let him once begin to blab about the "nature of things," or betray in any way

his acquaintance with any art beyond the "three R's," and not merely are his chances of promotion gone, but his life will be one incessant round of petty annoyance and persecution. A low standard of education of course prevails, and the smart sergeant Tadpole—late Dorsetshire ploughman—does not care to be outwitted by a man who knows that Russia is in the east of Europe, and that tobacco is imported from America. Some men of good character and abilities go to the dogs altogether simply through possessing that self-assertive disposition which is sometimes so serviceable in other departments of life.

After completing a period of twenty-one years the private is supposed to be entitled to a pension of one shilling per diem for life, and a sergeant to two shillings. But the poor private, at the end of his first term of twelve years, is subjected to so rigid a medical examination that, if his system is in the least impaired by hard service, disease, or excess, he is rejected and sent about his business, after long years of alternate hardship and idleness have wholly disqualified him for all the avocations of civil life. And, to the disgrace of the government be it said, not unfrequently, when a man's constitution gives way in the sixteenth or seventeenth year of his service, he is dismissed by a grateful country with a temporary pension of sixpence or tenpence a day for a couple of years. Not more than thirty per cent. run the gantlet of twenty-one years successfully, and of those not a few shuffle through as officers' servants, hospital assistants, and the like, and they are rewarded for their good fortune and tact by a comfortable civil-service sinecure in addition to the pension—that is, if they have in the interval benefited by the advantages offered by the regimental school.

In Chelsea, there is an institution called the Royal Military Asylum, which is a home for soldiers' orphans, where candidates from both civil and military life are trained for the position of army-schoolmaster. The head-master of the normal school there is a Cambridge graduate, the instruction is excellent, and the standard of attainments in English and the mathematical branches pretty high, but, when all is told, the poor aspirant, after successfully passing his examination and living a monastic life for a couple of years, is bundled away to India on four shillings a day, and with the rank of a non-commissioned officer. His education and duties make association with his equals in military rank irksome and disgusting, while he has no more chance of being *en rapport* with the officers than the youngest drummer or the most ignorant private. It is in those schools that the work of transforming the illiterate country clodhopper into the smart and ambitious corporal is chiefly effected. Every soldier must go to school until he has attained a certain standard in the three accomplishments of reading, writing, and counting, a standard which is considerably below that required for admission to American grammar-schools. Intelligent and well-educated soldiers—if there happen to be any such in the regiment—are employed as school assistants, and receive fourpence per day in addition to their regi-

mental pay, besides being excused from all drill and duty, a matter of no small moment in the winter months. But it is the married soldiers and children who benefit chiefly by those schools. They receive an education far superior to that of the English child of the lower-middle class in civil life, whose sole acquirements are obtained in the miserable, crowded, parochial school.

Although everything is done to encourage and reward the English soldier that is consistent with low pay and no prospects, the moment he leaves the barracks and mingles in civil life he must feel that he is excluded even from costermonger society. The very butcher's drayman who fraternizes so convivially with him at the drinking-bar, would no more think of inviting him to his house to drink a cup of tea with his family than he himself would expect an invitation to dine with the lord-mayor. He is well treated in the street; ladies' soldier reformation societies and Scripture-readers shower tea and tracts upon him, and yet all the while, be he sergeant or private, steady and intelligent, or stupid and besotted, he is accounted the dregs of society, and avoided in home circles as the plague. And not before England devotes to the employment of a better class of men the money now wantonly squandered on uniforms, trappings, and gilding, that would be more suitable to the middle ages, will the soldier be respectable in morals as in discipline, and become a citizen as well as a soldier.

A NANTUCKET LEGEND.

THEY marked her far along the bar,
Into the harbor sail;
Upon her spars like feeble stars,
Her lights were burning pale.
Through heaven lay the milky-way,
And night was at its noon,
Her flag half-mast dead black was cast,
Across the rising moon.

Until at last her moorings fast,
Along the wharf she lay;
The wind it sighed, then, mourning, died,
Away, away, away.
With dreary sound around and round
The waters seemed to surge,
And softly toll for some lost soul,
A long and wailing dirge.

"The captain was," the first mate said,
"Washed overboard at sea,
Twelve leagues away on yesterday,
Washed overboard at sea."
The sailors, though, in whispers low,
To one another talked,
Yet spake no word that could be heard
As up and down they walked.

But, as the ships came into port,
Across the wild sea-water,
With happy news to sailors' homes,
For wife, or son, or daughter,
They soon forgot the captain dead,
Nor talked about him more;
Day after day at dock she lay,
Loading her freight and store.

Till lo! one night, upon the right
Of the pilot-house there rose,
With features set, all dripping wet,
With seaweed-woven clothes—

A ghastly sight. The mate he shrieked—
The crew were to the leeward—
It waved its hand across the land,
Then slowly pointed seaward.

The mate stood frozen to the spot,
He could not see nor hear,
His face was cold, his breath came hot,
He shook with palsied fear.
"No, no," he laughed, and loudly laughed,
That frightened he should be,
For deep he lay twelve leagues away,
Washed overboard at sea.

At noon next day from out the bay
The ship had drifted far;
A shadow pale she seemed to sail,
Then vanished from the bar.
The waters lay and stretched away,
By sloop nor shallop sailed;
The breakers fast, in racing past,
By blowing winds were hailed.

The sea-birds flew across the sky
To sheltered cove or hollow,
And, sailing high with screaming cry,
Called on their mates to follow.
The sun's wan light had faded quite,
And trooping shadows came.
Till wave on wave uprose the night
On land and sea the same.

And very far a lonely star
The lighthouse beacon shone,
A sail or two bedripped with dew
From out the sky were blown.
With nodding head the sailors said
A gale that night would be,
And looked and watched with anxious dread
For ships upon the sea.

Then up there came a mighty storm,
With whirling wind it rained,
The sea did heave and seemed to leave
The earth beneath it drained.
Then, rushing back upon its track,
In wild and mad commotion,
The noises loud from out the cloud
Were deafened by the ocean.

The shrieking winds went whizzing past;
As from the heavens unfurled
Shot darts of fire, that, leaping fast,
Back from the sea were hurled;
The vivid lightning's blaze had warped
The vast and mighty world,
For sea and sky together met
As in one scroll they curled.

And years rolled on, but no news came
Of ship, or crew, or mate;
The sailors' wives wept for those lives
That met an unknown fate.
But now, on nights when beacon-lights
Burn dim and gray and blurred,
Far off, away from out the bay,
A booming gun is heard.

A ship, a wreck, with battered deck,
Her jagged ribs upright;
Without a crew, without a sail,
Without a single light,
In horrid flight into the night,
They see her driven past;
With shriek on shriek in frenzied fright,
A man clings to her mast.

A man alone, worn to the bone,
His skeleton arms upraised,
Clutches at air in wild despair,
By winds and waters crazed.
Through endless time, through every clime,
So doth it ever flee,
A blackened hearse, cast by a curse,
In storms upon the sea.

LILLAH McLANDBURGH.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is pleasant to learn, if we may trust a Washington correspondent, that the personal manners of the Senate are of that courteous and dignified sort which befits the upper and more conservative branch of a national legislature. There is an "era of good feeling," evidently; the wit of antagonism is employed in friendly banter and good-humored badinage, and is no longer meant to rasp and sting. Honorable gentlemen of the most diverse opinions hob-nob with each other pleasantly in the lobby; the necessary antagonisms of debate are softened and adorned by personal respect and ungrudging compliment. The senators meet as men of sobriety and refinement, as if conscious of being intrusted with higher functions than party tactics—though, of course, they do not disdain these on occasion—or personal victories. It must be confessed that it was not always so; and we may fairly congratulate ourselves that scenes which might be recalled, if we were so disposed, would seem quite incongruous and out of place in the Senate as it is to-day. We talk much of the decadence of political genius, and there are those who are heard lamenting the glowing era of Webster and Clay. It is questioned, however, whether we should be wise in wishing the days of Webster and Clay back again, even though illumined by those Titans of debate. They were the days of dueling and bitter personalities; when so fierce were party strife and the struggles of personal ambition, that the motives of few passed unscathed even by the most eminent antagonists.

It is many years now since we have had a congressional duel! The plain of Bladensburg has long been deserted; the very name of the old dueling-ground, so very familiar to the ante-war generation, has passed almost into oblivion, and sounds historical. It is long, too, since a pistol has been drawn at the Capitol; yet it was not an unfrequent occurrence years ago. Whether political genius does not comprehend tact of manner, and a quiet proceeding to the work in hand, capacity to make the labor of legislation move smoothly in its groove, quite as much as in daring flights of rhetoric, elaborate speeches decked out with climax and classical lore, and short and sharp passages of repartee and wit, may well be questioned. And in this respect, at least, the present Senate, and, for the matter of that, the present House, too, is surely superior to the chambers of a quarter of a century ago. Even the old habit of giving odious party nicknames has fallen into desuetude, having been replaced by a not very refined but at least

not very ill-natured slang, applied rather to events and ideas of policy than to bodies of men.

If we would know how much our politics are improved in the direction of mildness, we have only to turn back to the history of the days when Martin Van Buren and De Witt Clinton were struggling for the mastery in New York, and read the epithets which those eminent men applied to each other. It is the more gratifying to hear of the suavity and genial temperament of the present Senate when we are apprized that it contains no fewer than four active aspirants for the presidency, who, however, do not allow their ambition to ruffle the smooth flow of debate, or chill the cozy personal relations in which this political "happy family" is living. A demonstration, designed for President-making delegates, is received smilingly, and not with a sharp counter-stroke, by a too eager rival.

WE have all had a good deal to say about cheap native wines. We have talked about the vineyards of the Ohio and the Lake Islands, about the grapes of California and Missouri; we have glibly rattled off surprising statistics of the growth of wine-making as a home-industry; and we have indulged in endless anticipations and prognostications of the time when pure native wines should abound in the land at prices that would place them within the reach of the multitude. But, while it is true that vineyards multiply, wine-presses increase, and statistics tell of enormous production, still the millennium of united abundance and cheapness does not come, and gives no better sign of coming now than it did a dozen years ago. It seems as if with us there could be nothing both cheap and good in the way of a national beverage. The apple attains a perfection in America unknown elsewhere, and well-made cider is one of the most wholesome and agreeable of gentle stimulants; and yet if one desires a really good glass of this liquor, with the distinct flavor of the fruit, he must purchase the imported article from Devonshire. There are imposing brands of cider manufactured here. We may quaff the article described as champagne-cider, but we must derive our felicity from the gas as it foams and sparkles in its contact with the air, rather than from any delicious reminder of the orchard-pippin. We may indulge in the more sedate preparation with its felicitously-suggestive title of "russet," but still in the thin, acidulous concoction one can detect no hint of the autumn-tinted fruit, find no reminiscence of odorous orchards and fragrant spices of the hillside. These preparations, moreover, are not only questionable; they are not cheap enough for free and liberal use. In this

country bottling and handling is a heavy element of cost, with cheaper liquors much more, probably, than that of the article itself; but it need cost no more to bottle cider than lager-bier, and the latter is in the market at a considerably lower price.

It may be questioned whether abundant and low-priced wine is to come, but is there any insuperable obstacle to abundant and low-priced cider? The pure juice of the apple is admitted to be wholesome. It promotes the assimilation of food; it is excellent as a preventive of the national scourge of dyspepsia; it is a wholesome morning beverage in countries or places where there is danger of miasmatic fever; and it is not intoxicating except when it becomes old and "hard." It possesses naturally all the conditions of the great national desideratum in the way of a beverage, and there would seem to be no reason why it should not be furnished abundantly, cheaply, and pure in quality, provided proper measures are taken. No doubt the ultra-temperance movement of thirty years ago caused many farmers to abandon their cider-mills, and as a consequence to neglect the culture of their orchards; the wiser temperance sentiment of to-day commonly acknowledges that there is no better way to fight whiskey and spirits than by the substitution of light and wholesome stimulants; hence it is a good time now to restore the cider-mills, and reinstate a beverage that in the early days of the country was of almost universal use. What is wanted is a pure, well-made cider—not pressed from windfalls or half-rotten refuse of the cellars, but from fruit carefully selected for its flavor and for qualities conducive to the result desired.

New avenues for employment are much desired. Here is one. Competent people who will attempt to put upon the market a really pure cider, carefully made, put up in suitable vessels, and offered at no more than a reasonable advance over cost, would be sure to reap liberal profit. But let no one enter this field simply to augment the army of slovenly workers already in existence. There is scarcely a division of labor in which competent and honest laborers cannot find their opportunity; in the special direction we are considering there are fine rewards awaiting those who go to work rightly. Perhaps a few zealous persons will be prompted to adopt our hints, and in the end show that while France may boast of its Burgundy, and Germany of its vintages of the Rhine, there is no simpler nor purer beverage than that which Americans possess in their wine of the orchard.

THERE are nearly two hundred "French-flat" houses, so called, now in New York,

and many more are in process of erection. Some of them are very large, and are French flats only because they are founded on the flat system, being greatly in advance of the Paris structures in numerous details of arrangement and convenience. It is obvious that this method of living, so long discussed, and so long resisted by many conservative folk, is destined to have a large place in the domestic economy of New York. Last spring, while so many houses remained unlet, the leading apartment-houses—or apartment-hotels, as we are instructed to designate them—were unable to accommodate the demand; and we heard of an instance in which a suite of rooms was relet at a premium.

No doubt the small houses of London and Philadelphia have many desirable features, but it is simply impossible for New York to be built up in this way. The area is contracted, and the price of lots so high that moderate rents are impossible without the most economical utilization of space. Cottage-houses may flourish on Long Island or in New Jersey, but in New York all the conditions tend to make compact coöperative structures imperative; and, under the intelligent and scientific guidance which the erection of apartment-hotels has fallen, certain advantages of a marked character are likely to ensue. Plumbing, for instance, is a very costly feature of the modern house; and it is as necessary as it is costly. It is almost impracticable to have this work well done in a low-priced house; and, when ill done, serious consequences to health ensue. In an extensive, well-built apartment-hotel, the plumbing-work is thorough, constructed with the latest scientific knowledge, and a pure, sweet air in the living-rooms is the consequence. Many elaborate domestic conveniences are practicable in a house of many suites of rooms that a cottage could not have, to the great welfare of our too-much-worked womankind. We have known instances where women have notably advanced in health by simply being rescued from the ever-fatiguing stairs of our up and down town houses; and, of course, with better health come better spirits, happier cheer, and all other home felicities. These better apartment-hotels have elevators and servants' stairs for bringing in supplies; at the main entrance is a porter to receive all messages and answer all questions; there is a private hallway to each suite of rooms, which more completely separates one family from another than does the ordinary partition-wall between dwelling-houses. There is quiet; there is isolation; there is the maximum of convenience with the minimum of friction; and surely all these good points are likely to help the flat into favor with our people. Where there are children in the family there are objections;

but, if there is a public park or play-ground near, the little ones would enjoy as much air and out-door exercise as they do now in the cramped-up back-yard of the customary dwelling-house.

THE number of people who believe that writing for the journals is like executing a trade-order, is singularly large. Scarcely a day passes that we are not asked by persons ambitious of literary success what sort of articles we are in want of, under the confident assumption that, having ascertained the need, they can readily provide the supply. Do we want a serial novel? They are at leisure to turn their hands to a serial. Are we desirous of short stories? They would be glad to furnish short stories, historical, romantic, imaginative, domestic—in any style to our liking. Do we wish essays? They will write essays. But do we wish them upon literature or do we prefer art-topics? Are we inclined to social or political problems? Do we wish the serious or the sarcastic vein? Shall the tone be moral or æsthetic? And then are we looking for poetry? Their rhyming facility would soon enable them to supply this deficiency? We certainly must know the sort of literary merchandise in which our stock is deficient, and if we would impart this knowledge they would promptly undertake to prepare the needed articles! It is in vain we hint to these folks that literary papers, in order to be valuable, must be the voluntary products of the writer's special knowledge, of his ripe reflection upon themes which he has well studied. They cannot for the life of them comprehend that the writer who asks an editor for suggestions as to what he shall write about, only proves thereby his entire incompetence for that which he fain would undertake. One can write well and effectively only upon that which his own nature prompts, or upon themes that are the outcome of his experience or his study; and hence we beg to ask the ambitious amateur how it is that he presumes to enter the field of literature with no stock of knowledge, with no facts to communicate, with no ideas to promulgate? Does he imagine that a worthless tact in making sentences, in drawing out a feeble attenuation of conventional commonplaces, is the thing that editors are desirous of employing, or the public of paying for? When a man has nothing to say it is the most obvious wisdom for him to hold his tongue; and when a would-be writer does not know more about one thing than another it is also perfectly clear that his mission is not literature, but silence.

A NOTE of alarm and foreboding comes across the continent from the Pacific coast.

There is a dismal danger, we are told, that we shall be swamped by the Chinese. The free Republic of the West is threatened with extinction, or, let us rather say, absorption, by the ancient Empire of the East. We are to expect the religion of Buddha to be set up in Chicago or some other central city, and pigtailed to be forced upon us as a fashion at the peril of death; our institutions are to melt, sooner or later, into Chinese shape and pattern. We are somewhat prone to hope, however, that the San Francisco editor who has put before us so uncomfortable a picture of our national future is a little out in his reckoning. We have a lively suspicion that he has not read the stars aright. It makes him very miserable to reflect that Congress, the President, and the cismontane people generally, are not awake to the prospect that, in course of time, the Chinese will overwhelm us, and "secure possession of the continent."

It is gratifying to think that that valuable factor time enters into the calculation; for, with time, what may not even a drowsy nation do? Our prophet evidently takes a sort of military view of the sad symptoms he has discovered. He speaks of the "advance-guard" of one hundred and fifty thousand Chinese already with a foothold on our shores, as if a good-sized Celestial army had landed, without our taking note of it, on some out-of-the-way point on the Pacific coast. These are but the forerunners of the four hundred million who still—rather sluggishly, we should say—remain in "the parent hive." Are, then, these almond-eyed busy-bees about to take flight hither? Can it be that the Chinese have all of a sudden become disgusted with the Land of the Sun, and that Asia, which has been their paradise since long before Abraham, no longer yields them the bliss they have always boasted? We fear that Congress and the East are incorrigible. In their short-sightedness they only see far enough to take note that a very great present need of these States is competent labor, and to be content with observing the Chinaman as an individual seeking work, and, when he has got it, doing it patiently and thoroughly, and not as the Vandal who has the Capitol in his eye as capable of being made a very presentable sanctuary for the worship of Buddha.

DOES a journey in a railway-train or a ride in a horse-car necessarily involve the surrender of all of one's personal rights? What is there about a traveler that implies he must also be a victim to numberless small persecutions? Because one has purchased a seat in a public vehicle is that any reason why a vast army of small boys must be turned loose upon him? why he must be

pestered by the candy-boy, persecuted by the gum-drop boy, stunned by the newsboy, haunted by the peanut boy, taken possession of body and mind by swarming small vendors of all sorts? It seems to be accepted that a traveler has not only no rights, but no ears, no nerves, no sensibilities; that he is simply somebody sentenced to endure a ceaseless drama of clamorous importunity; that railway, station-houses, cars, locomotive, are not made for him, but all, with himself added thereto, are for the special delectation of noisy peddlers. The traveler must evidently think this to be the case, inasmuch as he patiently submits to what under other circumstances he would resent as impertinent nuisances. He must really believe that the small boy is king of the railway-train—that, having purchased the privilege of tormenting passengers, his rights transcend the rights, comfort, or convenience of the traveler, or assuredly the old Adam would prompt him to rise up and smite. Even in our town-cars the boy-peddler is a nuisance. One stumbles over him as he enters the car, is tripped up by him as he leaves it, and sits through the whole intermediate time confused and stunned by the every half-second shrill shout of "*Papes! 'Erald er Sun!*" There are many irremediable vexations pertaining to car-travel, but assuredly the superintendents who give us spavined horses, untidy vehicles, brutal conductors, might spare us the torment of the newsboy. Or, if this creature is a necessary incident of car-travel, then reduce his numbers, suppress his shrillness of voice, keep him off the car-steps, or, what would be better, carry him as a permanent attachment with power to vend, but no privilege to shriek. In his present form, at least, let him be abated.

Books and Authors.

PERHAPS the most depressing feature of theological controversy is its boundless and inexhaustible fertility. Once a new proposition is mooted, the discussion upon it grows and expands like the ripples upon a pond when a pebble is dropped into its depths; and, like the ripples, it never reaches a definite and demonstrable close, but simply dies out into faint and indistinguishable lines. Matthew Arnold, for example, wrote a voluminous treatise ("*Literature and Dogma*") expounding a new theory of Biblical interpretation, and, in less than a year, he finds himself under the necessity of writing another treatise equally voluminous, explaining the first, fortifying its arguments, and refuting the army of critics who have assailed it.¹ A year hence, beyond doubt, equally good reasons will exist for another treatise still re-

viewing objections to the present one. Not that there is any lack of clearness in the arguments or of vigor in their presentation. No living English writer embodies his thoughts in a more luminous and transparent medium than Mr. Arnold; and the perfect sincerity of conviction with which they are offered in the present instance is in itself an argumentative weapon of no mean power. A conviction so utter and serene as to be wholly unaffected by the fact that it is opposed to the beliefs and conceptions of by far the larger part of Christendom, and of substantially all the authorities in theology, is something more and higher than intellectual arrogance; it fairly compels one to concede profound significance to an idea which can inspire such certitude in a mind so acute, so vigorous, so pure, and so religious.

Readers of "*Literature and Dogma*" are already in possession of the main topics and purposes of "*God and the Bible*." The object of both is "to show the truth and necessity of Christianity, and its power and charm for the heart, mind, and imagination of man, even though the preternatural, which is now its popular sanction, should have to be given up." Mr. Arnold thinks that the history of mankind and the history of science both prove that men cannot do without Christianity; but he thinks it equally clear that, while they cannot do without it, they "cannot do with it as it is." They can no longer acquiesce in the theology which has been erected upon it, with its acceptance of legends and poetry as historical fact, and its grounding of the claims of Christianity, not upon moral sanctions, but upon miracles. "Men's experience widens, they get to know the world better, to know the history of mankind better; they distinguish more clearly between history and legend, they grow more shy of recourse to the supernatural."

As to the special audience to which Mr. Arnold addresses himself, he describes it with such precision that we cannot do better than quote his own words:

"The reader whom the present work has in view is not the man still striving to be content with the received theology. With him we do not seek to meddle. Neither is it intended for a frivolous upper class in their religious insensibility, nor for a raw lower class in their religious insensibility, nor for liberal secularists at home or abroad, nor for Catholics who are strangers, or very nearly so, to the Bible. Some, or all of these, may perhaps come to find the work useful to them one day, and after they have undergone a change; but it is not directly aimed at them. It is meant for those who, won by the modern spirit to habits of intellectual seriousness, cannot receive what sets these habits at naught, and will not try to force themselves to do so; but who have stood near enough to the Christian religion to feel the attraction which a thing so very great, when one stands really near to it, cannot but exercise, and who have some acquaintance with the Bible and some practice in using it."

We have already spoken of the excellence of the work on the argumentative side; but it has a charm quite apart from its logical merits. Controversial writing is surely an unpromising field in which to cultivate the literary graces, but Mr. Arnold is so supreme a master of his art that he renders even his

personalities pleasing. Professor Clifford receives sharper handling than any one else with whom the present work has to deal, yet even he must feel a certain pleasure in reading the passage which we shall quote. The professor, in a recent article, spoke of Christianity as "that awful plague which has destroyed two civilizations, and but barely failed to slay such promise of good as is now struggling to live among men," and warns his fellow-men against showing any tenderness to "the slender remnant of a system which has made its red mark on history, and still lives to threaten mankind." On this, Mr. Arnold remarks:

"But these are merely the crackling fireworks of youthful paradox. One reads it all, half sighing, half smiling, as the declamation of a clever and confident youth, with the hopeless inexperience, irredeemable by any cleverness, of his age. Only when one is young and headstrong can one thus prefer bravado to experience, can one stand by the Sea of Time, and, instead of listening to the solemn and rhythmical beat of its waves, choose to fill the air with one's own whoopings to start the echo."

ANYTHING that Mr. Justice Strong, of the Supreme Court, might have to say on a matter of law would, of course, be worthy of attention; but his "Two Lectures upon the Relations of Civil Law to Church Polity, Discipline, and Property" (New York: Dodd & Mead), have a special value at this time, when the relations of the state to churches, schools, charitable institutions, and the like, seem destined to become a prominent political issue. The lectures were delivered before the faculty and students of the Union Theological Seminary, and consequently deal with general principles rather than with the technicalities of the law or the niceties of logical distinctions; the aim being to furnish ministers, trustees, church-members, and other interested parties, with the rules of the civil law, as established by the statutes of the States and the great mass of decisions of Federal and State courts.

The first lecture is devoted to a definition of the attitude of the state toward the Church; a matter of some complexity, which is treated of at considerable length. Theoretically, of course, the two are absolutely and utterly independent of each other; but, as a matter of fact, the state has found it necessary in many things to extend its protecting authority over the Church as well as over other corporations. As Justice Strong says:

"Notwithstanding this complete renunciation of authority in the state to prescribe any form of church government, or to control or interfere with the internal management of any church organization, or to make provision for its support, or for the support of its ministers; notwithstanding perfect religious freedom is now, in this country, everywhere secured by bills of rights incorporated into the fundamental laws of the land, it is not to be inferred that the civil law has no longer any relation to the Church—to either its polity, its discipline, or its property. On the contrary, it is still true that the law recognizes the existence of the Church as an important element of civil society. It acknowledges and protects its right to exist and to enjoy the possession of privileges and powers. It recognizes also the discipline of the Church, by which I mean not

¹ God and the Bible. A Review of Objections to "*Literature and Dogma*." By Matthew Arnold, D. C. L. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

merely its correction and punishment of its members, but also its maintenance of church order and internal regulation. It does not undertake to determine whether one religious association is more truly the Church than another, but it permits each to make its own rules and to enforce them. It protects every church in the enjoyment of rights of property, and whenever those rights are invaded it furnishes a remedy. Recognizing the indefeasible right of any body of men to associate for the worship of God, in accordance with the forms and modes selected by them, it will not allow their assemblies to be disturbed."

While, however, the law recognizes and protects the existence of church organizations, no matter what may be their constitution or the religious creed adopted, even though the latter may be offensive to the moral sense of the community, yet it is equally true that the outworking of a vicious creed may be prevented and punished:

"No church organization or church creed can be made a cover for any act which, by the law of the state, is an offense against the public peace, against good order, and good morals. Civil law controls external conduct, though not articles of faith. For example, I know of no power in the civil government which can prevent the formation of a church (if such an association can be called a church) one of the articles of the creed of which should be that marriage imposes no obligations, and that free intercourse of the sexes is praiseworthy; or (another article) that one in needy circumstances may, without sin, take the property of another to relieve his distresses against that other's consent. No law exists in this country against such an association. But, whenever such principles are acted out, whenever an individual does an act accordant with such a creed, he becomes amenable to the civil law, and neither his church nor his creed can protect him against legal penalties."

The second lecture discusses the application of the law of charities, the legal effect of by-laws of religious corporations, the tenure of church property, the rights of pew-holders in church edifices, and other subjects of a kindred nature. Few members of the community are not interested to some extent in these questions; and there can be no doubt that, as Justice Swayne says, if ministers and other church-officers had some acquaintance with them, such knowledge would "tend to relieve them from embarrassment, and enable them to avoid the unhappy litigation by which the peace and prosperity of churches are so much disturbed."

MRS. ALEXANDER'S "Her Dearest Foe" (Holt's "Leisure-Hour Series") is a more careful work than "The Wooing O't"—its plot is less transparently simple, its development is more artistic, the characters as a whole are more firmly drawn, there is less of digression and commentary, and, though long, it is not excessively or wearisomely so. It shows, indeed, that Mrs. Alexander's powers of invention are limited, that her several sets of characters are apt to be variations upon two or three types, and that her social experiences have been confined to a single class; but it shows also that she has the good sense to recognize these limitations, and discretion enough to work within them. Her aim now seems to be rather to perfect her art than to attempt the exploration of new

fields, and the present work proves at least that she can walk steadily along a pathway into some one of whose numerous pitfalls nearly every "lady-novelist" that attempted it has hitherto fallen. The plot of "Her Dearest Foe" hinges upon a forged will, and the skill with which the various legal points are handled might challenge the admiration of Charles Reade himself.

While, however, it shows an advance in literary art, it is very doubtful if "Her Dearest Foe" will prove as popular a story as "The Wooing O't." No amount of physical beauty, strength of mind, and nobility of character, can render an over-mature widow of twenty-six as fascinating to the average unregenerate mind as a fresh, unsophisticated, and sensible young girl; and though Kate Travers is a more skillfully-drawn character, Maggie Grey will be almost sure to carry off the reader's allegiance. Sir Hugh Galbraith, again, is a far less agreeable personage than Trafford. His roughness borders altogether too closely upon brutality, and his bigotry upon stupidity; and we fancy most readers will grudge him his final success and probable happiness. Tom Reed is chiefly interesting as an indication of the kind of metamorphosis which the "Editor" of the fiction-writers seems likely to undergo. Instead of the respectable, sedate, rather unscrupulous, but keen, well-informed, and somewhat impressive personage who has hitherto done duty in that line, we have here an amiable, easy, and well-dressed young gentleman, of the type one associates with the big brother in a numerous family of sisters. We like "Tom," and are glad he became "chief" of the *Morning Thresher*, and prospered in his suit with Fanny; but the feeling with which we regard him resembles that which Charles Lamb entertained for Crabb Robinson—"decent respect shall be his, but short of reverence."

Before closing, we should say a word as to the extreme *readableness* of the book. Mrs. Alexander's strongest point as a novelist is that, without resorting to sensational expedients, she knows how to make her stories interesting. "Her Dearest Foe" holds the attention from beginning to end with a steadily-tightening grasp, and is the kind of book which, once begun, is not easy to lay down unfinished.

AN admirably clear exposition of "The Nature of Light," by Dr. Eugene Lommel, of the University of Erlangen, forms the eighteenth volume of the "International Scientific Series" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.). In the entire range of physical science there is probably no subject so interesting in its phenomena and so significant in its results as that of optics, and yet its difficulties are such that Dr. Lommel's little book may fairly be said to be the first comprehensive and adequate account of it, based upon the existing state of science, which is sufficiently free from mathematical reasonings and technical terms to be intelligible to the general reader. Not, indeed, that even in this case the science is exactly "made easy." Its phenomena are too complex and the processes of analyzing them too delicate

to be fully understood without some stress of thought and the most studious attention. But Dr. Lommel certainly resolves the matter into its simplest elements; and his book presents no difficulties which that mysterious personage, the "average reader," need despair of overcoming.

Much of the success of Dr. Lommel's exposition is due to the sound scientific method which he pursues of dealing with facts first and theories afterward. Rather more than half the book is confined to the experimental investigation of the phenomena and laws of light—reflexion, refraction, dispersion, and absorption—and only when these have been thoroughly analyzed and explained is the question of the nature of light taken up at all. The answer to this question being in favor of the undulatory theory, it is shown in subsequent chapters that this theory is not only in accordance with all the facts previously brought forward, but also affords the most satisfactory explanation of the phenomena of double refraction and polarization, both of which are considered in detail. Every important step in the argument is elucidated and fortified by an experiment, for the explanation of which the aid of nearly two hundred illustrations is called in—among them a beautiful chromolithograph plate of spectra.

FOR the first time since the "Southern question" became the prominent issue in our national politics, or rather since the existing social and political condition of the South became the most hotly-disputed point in political discussion, the public is presented with the data on which to base a just and accurate conclusion. Mr. Charles Nordhoff's "The Cotton States in 1875" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is an accumulation of facts obtained on the spot by an observer whose ability is unquestioned, whose impartiality is obvious on every page, who is incapable of misrepresentation for personal or party ends, who, in short, "sought only for facts, and did not care which side they favored." The journey of which it is the result began in March of last year and ended in July, and included visits to Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, North Carolina, and Georgia. In each of these States Mr. Nordhoff visited the leading men of both political parties, listened to their conflicting statements, marked the points on which their testimony agreed, investigated the operations of the "outrage-mill," and accumulated evidence, partly from public documents, partly from hearsay, and partly from personal observation, regarding the political, social, and industrial condition of the people both white and black. The chapters devoted to the several States contain a plain, unvarnished statement of the facts and evidence thus brought together, accompanied with no more of comment than is necessary to explain their meaning; but in a carefully and temperately written preliminary chapter he formulates into forty-two propositions the conclusions which he draws from his observations.

We refrain from attempting to summarize these conclusions, partly because to do so

might prejudice some against a book which should be attentively read by every one interested in national politics, and partly because to separate them from their sustaining evidence would necessarily impair their force. It is enough to say that the book sheds light of the most valuable kind upon a question that has been purposely and persistently obscured, and that it affords material absolutely indispensable to those who are desirous of finding a basis of fact on which to found a trustworthy opinion concerning the condition of the Southern States.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* pronounces Mr. Edward Jenkins's temperance story ("The Devil's Chain") a "nursery-story for men and women," and thinks it inexpressibly silly. "It is worthy to take rank with the highest efforts of nursery literature. It has all the artless directness of moral, all the frankness in disclosing the simple machinery of its construction, which so admirably adapts the nursery-story to the immature intellects it appeals to. Mr. Jenkins's motive is explained by him in an unpretentious dedication to Sir Wilfrid Lawson. 'My aim,' he says, 'is here—as it was in "Ginx's Baby"—to exhibit in rude, stern, truthful outlines the full features and proportions of the abuses I would humbly help to remove.' Such also was the aim of the anonymous but immortal author of the earliest of the didactic tales of childhood. He, too, strove to exhibit in 'rude, stern, truthful outlines' the sin and danger of the habit he sought to correct—the habit of saying 'Don't care'; and all children know with what terrible thoroughness he performed his task. 'Don't care' insists on going out against the wishes of his nurse; he is warned of the danger of doing so; but 'Don't care' does not care; he goes out, and never returns alive. Brown bears, those scourges of these islands, are in wait for him, and before the miserable child has got many yards from his father's front-door the monsters fall upon him, slay, and, we believe, eat him. It is on the model of this undying story that Mr. Jenkins has constructed his. The 'brown bears' of poverty, profligacy, and crime, wait upon the consumer of a single, or at any rate a second, glass of strong drink as inevitably, and in some cases almost as closely, as the literal brown bears of the original story upon the disobedient child."

In his rectorial address to the University of Edinburgh, Lord Derby took for his theme the advantages of culture, the chief being that it sets a man free from the danger of attaching too much value to his own thoughts, or even the thoughts of his own day and generation. "To the ignorant man," he says, "England is the world; the nineteenth century represents all time. To the student who has lived in the life of many countries and many ages, human existence is too complex to be embodied in any formulas. He thinks of the disappointed expectations and the unfulfilled predictions which are the staple of history. He remembers how many burning questions have grown cold, how many immortal principles have not survived their authors. . . . Napoleon predicting that within fifty years Europe would be either republican or Cossack; Canning calling the South-American republics into existence to redress the balance of the Old World; the French thinkers of the last century believing in the immediate downfall of what they called superstition; philanthropists, even in our own time, announcing that the great European wars had become out of date and impossible—these and a hundred other instances occur to his mind, when sanguine men predict a

future of unlimited progress, because progress has been the rule in Europe during the last five hundred years, or when philosophers attempt to calculate the movements of the human mind as astronomers calculate the movements of a comet."

MR. HENRY JAMES, JR., writing to the *Tribune* from Paris, says of M. Taine: "With the exception of M. Renan, he is now the most brilliant French writer, albeit that he is not in the Academy. But in truth, with his extraordinary store of general knowledge and his magnificent skill in that office, which is considered the peculiar function of academies—presentation, exhibition, harmonious arrangement—M. Taine is an academy in himself. He is very far from infallible, and so are academies; but like them, right or wrong, he always speaks with a certain accumulated authority. I speak of him advisedly as a 'writer,' for although he is also a logician, a metaphysician, a thinker, and a scholar, it is the literary quality of his genius that I most highly relish. I suspect, moreover, that it is the side that he most relishes himself, and that, on the whole, it is the most valuable side."

SWINBURNE seems to be steadily rising in the estimation of English critics. It used to be the fashion either to abuse or ignore him; but the *Saturday Review* concedes in a recent number that "if he bears the necessity for restraint in mind, and chooses to turn his attention to an English drama fitted for representation, there appears no reason why he should not produce one of the finest works of that kind that have been seen in modern times."

"SPAIN AND LIBERTY," an unpublished work by the late Count de Montalembert, is announced as about to appear in Paris. Père Hyacinthe had the custody of the manuscript, and, after the count's death, he asked the intentions of his family and executors, who replied that they would publish it among his posthumous works. Five years having passed without a fulfillment of the promise, Father Hyacinthe sent the manuscript to the publisher.

In a letter just received by a gentleman of this city from Mary Howitt, the venerable authoress states that her family are living very happily in Rome, and that her husband has recently completed his eighty-fourth year, and is hale, hearty, and still busy with his pen. It is almost sixty years since Mr. Howitt published his first work, "The Forest Minstrel."

A GENTLEMAN in Toledo, Ohio, is reputed to be the owner of a rare old book. It is a digest of the laws of England, beginning with Magna Charta and coming down to the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was printed in 1587. The first part is printed in Latin and the remainder in Norman-French and English.

MESSRS. HENRY HOLT & Co. publish in their "Leisure-Hour Series" a new and cheaper edition of their collection of "Vers de Société," which has hitherto been obtainable only in expensive holiday form.

The Arts.

THE collection of pictures at Goupil's this winter is an uncommonly fine one. It was said that at the holidays the picture-warerooms had never been more brilliant, as if to tempt purchasers suffering from the hard times by articles more useful or beautiful than could be had at other periods. Arti-

cles of luxury such as pictures are sure to lack purchasers in periods of great business depression like the present, and hence it requires uncommon inducements to allure an amateur to deny himself some supposed necessary article for the sake of possessing a painting by his favorite artist. In addition to this reason why the picture-shops are now uncommonly attractive, many works are probably exhibited for public sale which a more prosperous season would have transferred directly from studios to the houses of their possessors. But, whatever be the cause, it is certainly true that very rarely, if ever, have there been so many distinguished names represented at Goupil's gallery as now.

Among the artists represented there are Gérôme, Fortuny, Escosura, Vibert, Auguste Bonheur, Detaille, Blaise Desgoffe, Meyer von Bremen, and Bouguereau. The latter artist has three considerable pictures. Escosura has one of the most elaborate paintings we have ever seen from his hand. It represents an old, red-faced Frenchman, entertaining himself with a green parrot, and also with the fears of three charming young ladies, who each show unmistakable symptoms of dislike to the mischievous bird, which a page has brought into the room perched upon his finger, and which seems ready to fly, it may be upon the bare shoulder of one of the girls, upon the nicely-arranged head of another, or to ensconce himself disagreeably upon the third damsel. The scene is not important, but every detail of the painting is elaborate, and in many cases it is beautiful. The walls, covered with tapestries, are as finished as they can be without distracting the attention from the careful delineation of the old man's laughing countenance, or the hands of the young women put up in different attitudes to repel the advance of "Polly," who, in her green feathers and shining eyes, is as bright and perfect as a jewel.

Of Desgoffe's exquisite representations of gold, bronze, pearl, and other ornaments, we have spoken before, and we have dwelt upon the refined feeling that has grouped into artistic compositions of color and light and shade cameos and brocade, gold-lace and porcelain, and has lent to subjects which, vulgarly treated, would be tiresome and commonplace, the intellectual charm which Keats throws over his "Grecian Urn," Hawthorne over an old chest of drawers, or Charlotte Brontë over a jewel or a window-curtain. He has been famous for his pictures of gilded jewel-cases, and the ornaments and fancy articles that long ago belonged to Anne of Austria, Marie Antoinette, and other ladies of France, are immortalized upon his canvas.

Goupil has a really magnificent painting by this artist that would be delightfully ornamental in a dining-room, or would freshen and lend charm to a summer-parlor. It is quite a large picture of dishes of fruit; grapes and cherries, and the most delicious raspberries, are held in big green leaves, or lie upon the cool stone table. It is as delightful as any painting by Preyer, but the most important feature of the composition is a variety of glass vases, and the brilliant, slender, metal figure which supports the broad plate in which some fine peaches are resting. No artist in

France has better conceived the elegance and the charm of a fine twisting glass, Venetian or Bohemian, with its strange, subtle hues; nor has anybody but Cellini better seen the importance that could be given to a figure on a salt-cellar or an animal form that composed a drinking-vessel. This fruit-piece by Desgoffe is more showy than those of his works with which we were before familiar, and, from its really nice appreciation of artistic forms applied to the lower uses of ornamental utensils, as well as the beautiful quality of lemons, currants, grapes, or peaches, it is one of the very best pieces of painting of this kind we ever saw.

Bouguereau's pictures are all large, and one of them, a mother lugging a big baby, is the size of life. Bouguereau reproduces himself so constantly in the general choice and treatment of his pictures that the excitement seldom attaches to his paintings which the beholder experiences in seeing a work where the artist has apparently taken a new view of his artistic conditions, or has invented a different sentiment to depict. Innocent-looking peasant-women, with well-grown babies, are the usual subjects of his choice, and it makes little difference whether the mothers are comforting their frightened offspring, as in one of these pictures at Goupil's, or watching a fat baby in its rustic cradle in another picture, or admiring a pair of naked twins in a third, the charming point in each consisting of the softness of the modeling of tender feet and limbs, and the delicate pink of toes and fingers. Bouguereau has a high reputation, and deservedly, but we can scarcely conceive it possible that an intellectual man should be content to repeat the same class of thought so constantly, and we see no reason, when an artist's range is so narrow, why the public may not weary of him as well as of a writer when he ceases to grow.

SOME time since we had occasion to describe the admirable collection of photographs and autotypes which Williams & Everett, of Boston, exhibited last summer at Newport. Snedecor also had a partial collection of the same class of works, and now we are glad to see that the latter picture-dealer has a room in his new gallery in Fifth Avenue hung with a multitude of admirable black and white facsimiles of many of the best paintings and statues in Europe. The pictures are the same class of subjects which Williams & Everett have for sale, and upon the walls are also ranged lovely photographs of the statues. We never before saw so good a reproduction of the Milo Venus. Every cast of it fails to give the impression of the face, so far as we know, and in plaster the head loses the ineffable graciousness of expression of the original. The face in this large photograph is simply lovely, and besides the look which so vividly recalls the great statue of the Louvre, its very presence is revived by its imperfections. At Snedecor's the beholder has the chance to see what portions of the head and body are restored, and he can make out, as in the statue itself, where the nose has been renewed by modern hands, and he can judge for himself if the original was likely to have been quite

as long as its modern restoration. The size of the nose of the Milo Venus has always perplexed us as being out of character with the other features of the face, and when we saw the original we were delighted to find that every one was at liberty to judge for himself whether the line about the nostrils need have been carried out so far, giving thereby a heavy look to this ideal face.

The faun is as well represented as this Venus, and in examining the succession of these pictures on Snedecor's walls the statues of the Louvre and the Vatican, as well as many modern works of art, rose vividly before us. Seeing as many new pictures as we do constantly in New York, no pleasanter or more instructive diversion of thought can be made than to examine by themselves in this quiet room the pictures of Albert Dürer or Leonardo da Vinci, or to study these reproductions of the statues of antiquity.

FROM an article in *Blackwood* on "Lace" we extract the following: "Among the *guipure* laces still existing, our own manufactory of Honiton, and the Belgian lace called *Duchesse*—a recent invention, or, to speak more correctly, a recent modification and identification under a new name—are among the most beautiful. Better patterns would make both these laces more satisfactory; but this is a truism which may be repeated of every modern production. The chief technical defect they seem to have is, that the *brides* which keep the pattern together are of a flimsy character, and lack the solidity and steadiness of the old work. The *guipure* called *Cluny*, which is an imitation of the old *point coupé*, and retains the same geometrical patterns, is of very recent origin—an honest invention of our own day, with no pretense at genealogy, but very pretty, strong, and good—infinately superior to the poor and common Maltese lace, which had a show of reputation in its day without much deserving it. The laces made in Bucks and Bedfordshire are also of this kind, though some have a vague sort of coarse resemblance, as in a very poor, imperfect copy, to the style of Mechlin. Now and then, in a poor woman's basket, in the former county, there will turn up a scrap of lace—a fantastic triangle, such as maid-servants' caps used to be in the days when maid-servants were content to wear caps or some queerly-shaped collar—in which indications of real taste and possibility are apparent, if any one would take the trouble or the expense of bringing them out. Fine thread and greater pains might develop this homely production, we have always felt, into something much worthier. 'Why not work it finer and closer?' the writer has asked again and again, pleased yet provoked by the chance example; but the poor lace-maker closes her basket and shakes her head. If an enthusiast should arise among them who would do so, where would she find a market for her more delicate ware, or any patron to encourage and help her on? Thus a source of fruitful industry and homely wealth gets neglected, though Heaven knows there is not too much comfort in those leafy villages to make the poor women indifferent to a little additional gain. The lace-manufacture has thriven in Ireland with no such local traditional hold; and it seems a pity that it should never have a chance to develop itself into anything better than poor little edgings and housemaids' caps, in a place where it has languished poorly perhaps for more than a century, a roadside weed, never getting the chance of cultivation. But perhaps the patient and tedious toil which alone can bring an art-manufacture to per-

fection is not in the character of our race, as it certainly is not in accordance with the instincts of this age. The peasant-women of the Campagna, however, still ornament their chemises with lace which is equal to any early specimen of *point coupé*, and might have been worked by a duchess in a stronghold of the middle ages. This is for their personal decoration, which perhaps is a stronger motive than either art or trade on those low levels where nascent art wins little praise and trade small gain."

THE fifty-first annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be opened to the public on Tuesday morning, March 28th, and will close on Wednesday, May 31st. There will be the usual private view given to the academicians and their friends on the Monday evening preceding the public opening. To these exhibitions only the works of living artists are eligible, comprising original paintings, sketches, sculptures, architectural designs, models, and engravings, which have never before been exhibited in New York or Brooklyn. The lists of works for exhibition must be sent to the corresponding secretary, Mr. T. Addison Richards, on or before March 6th, and a card containing the title of the work and the name of the owner and of the artist should be attached to each picture. The period for the reception of pictures at the Academy is from Monday, March 6th, until Saturday, March 11th, inclusive, after which date no work will be received. The council of the Academy will, as usual, make great efforts to sell such paintings as may be committed to their care, and upon the sales a commission of ten per cent. will be charged. Mr. Edward Brown, who has had charge of the galleries during the last two years, has been again engaged, and will give his personal attention to the sales.

It has been stated that the painting by Meissonier purchased by Mr. Stewart, and which is now on exhibition in Paris, will, after its arrival in New York, be returned to France for exhibition in the Salon of 1876. This is a mistake. It was the original contract that the picture should be returned to Paris for the Salon of the present year, but its immediate exhibition was so urgently pressed upon the artist by influential persons in Paris that Mr. Stewart's consent was importuned, the result being that the picture is exhibited in Paris before its departure for this country, and will not be returned to France after its reception here. The price of the picture, as frequently mentioned, is sixty thousand dollars in gold, to which eight more will require to be added for duty, etc., making a total amount of sixty-eight thousand dollars as the cost of this small canvas and its frame. Meissonier has entitled this precious work of art simply "1807." It represents the battle of Friedland, and by that name it will doubtless hereafter be generally known. It will arrive in New York early in the ensuing spring, when we hope Mr. Stewart will be induced to place it on public exhibition before hanging it in his gallery.

From Abroad.

PARIS, January 21, 1876.

SIGNOR ROSSI has added another Shakespearean character to the list of those where-with he has of late been enchanting us—namely, that of *Romeo*.

The tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" is not one that, on the stage, can appeal to the sympathies of a Northern audience with the same force as do "Hamlet" and "Lear." In the closet, the play presents itself as it really is, the divinest love-poem that was ever penned. But it is one thing

to read of fervid, unreasoning passion, and another thing to see it presented upon a stage, with all the necessary drawbacks of theatrical representation. The character of *Romeo*, too, is scarcely one that wins very strongly on our calmer and less impetuous souls. The wild, unreasoning, irresistible passion of the South shows to best advantage in *Juliet*. It is a woman's province to love thus blindly and fondly. And the high-hearted, courageous girl, who can dare all things and do all things rather than be false to her love, commands our admiration and our sympathy. But *Romeo* is too weak, too womanish, too much given to weeping and wailing, to tearing his hair and rolling about the floor, for our undemonstrative natures to appreciate. We rather feel inclined to echo the words of *Friar Lawrence*:

"Art thou a man? Thy form cries out, Thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast!"

For a long time the English-speaking stage has possessed no adequate representative of *Romeo*. Our own Booth was probably the best in these later years, but, though he was physically suited to the character, its unreasoning, unreasonable boyishness and passionate tenderness accorded but little with the coldly-intellectual nature of his somewhat sombre talent. In Signor Rossi, however, is united all Southern fervor with the extreme of dramatic genius. From the moment that he first looks on *Juliet* to that when he lies a corpse with his lady on his heart, we are borne along as by a lava-flood of irresistible force and fire. What a world of tenderness looks from his eyes when *Juliet* first meets his gaze at the festival of the Capulets—how passionate, yet touched with what exquisite delicacy and respect, are the few words of their interview, closed with that first swift and fervent kiss that sets the seal on that sad, fateful betrothal! As to the balcony scene, it was a divine love-duet that needed not the enchantment of music. In beholding and listening to that most passionate and poetic of lovers, the old criticism respecting the *Romeo* of Barry, Garrick's rival in the part, was recalled; and the only wonder was that *Juliet* did not at once spring from the balcony in response to those thrilling tones, those eager gestures, the glances of those love-lit eyes. The last act, with its varying changes of swift despair and crushed, hopeless misery, and then the final parting of the ill-fated pair (for the translator has followed the stage, or rather Garrick's, version of the play), were all wonderful. One intensely thrilling moment was that where the dying *Romeo* beholds the white-robed form of *Juliet* gliding before him, and, deeming the pale presence that of a phantom, springs to his feet and stands erect with upraised arms and a horror-stricken countenance.

The translation of the play is worse than that of any of the other Shakespearean dramas in which Signor Rossi has appeared, the Italian versions of which are generally to be commended for their fidelity to the original text. But in "*Romeo and Juliet*" we were reminded of Puff's complaint about his tragedy of "*The Spanish Armada*" in the *Critic*: "There had been such lopping and topping that we scarcely knew where we were." Unjustifiable liberties, too, had been taken with the text, such as making *Juliet* swallow the sleeping-draught midway in the celebrated soliloquy, and causing her to drift slowly off to bed under the influence of the narcotic—a very good melodramatic effect, it is true, but not Shakespearean. The *Juliet* of Signorina Cattaneo was singularly charming—sweet, girlish, and yet possessing all the requisite fervor and intensity. The nurse of Signora Doré was also a very admirable performance.

It is whispered that the *entente cordiale* between Signor Rossi and M. Maurice Grau has

been renewed since the recent arrival of the latter in Paris, and that America may after all have a chance next season of admiring and applauding this greatest of living tragedians. They were present together at an amateur theatrical performance given a few nights since at one of the American boarding-houses near the Arc de Triomphe, and seemed to be upon the most friendly terms.

The greatest literary event of the present dramatic season in Paris has just taken place at the Odéon, in the shape of the first performance of the long-talked-of Russian comedy, which, originally christened "De Shava à Shava," has been brought out under the title of "Les Danicheff." The real author of this brilliantly successful, powerful, and original play, remains unknown, though it is no secret that much of the force and sparkle of the work is owing to the genius of Alexandre Dumas. Two stories are told about its origin, one and the most romantic being that a young author over a year ago brought the play to Dumas for his inspection; that the great dramatist read it, was charmed with it, and spent several hours with the writer in reading it over with him, and in pointing out its manifold defects of construction. The embryo dramatist took his work away, spent six months in rewriting it according to the suggestions of Dumas, and a second time laid it before him. This time the author of the "Demi-Monde" approved highly of the play, and lent the aid of his influence to have it produced at the Odéon. So runs one version of the tale. The other, and probably the true one, is, that it was written by a Russian nobleman with the collaboration of Dumas, whose wife, as is well known, was a Russian lady of high rank. But it matters very little by whom, or when, or where it was written; it remains the greatest success of any work of high literary merit that has been produced on the Parisian stage for over two years past, with the single exception of "La Fille de Roland."

The scene of the piece is laid wholly in Russia, and the action transpires some twenty years ago, that is, before the abolition of serfage. In the first act we are introduced to the country-seat of the haughty Countess Danicheff, a Russian noble of the antique order. Surrounded by her vassals and her pet animals, the imperious lady hearkens to the reading of a French novel, by a young serf-girl named *Anna*, for whom she had acted as godmother, and whom by caprice she has caused to be educated, and has petted and caressed from her infancy. Her only son, Count Vladimir, unknown to her, has fallen in love with this fair and gentle being, and would fain make her his wife. He avows his passion to his mother, who indignantly refuses to consent to the degradation of such an alliance. What! a Danicheff, and the last of the Danicheffs, marry a slave-girl? Finding that the young man's resolution is fixed, the countess proposes a compromise. If he will consent to go to St. Petersburg, and reside there for a year, mingling in gay society, and especially frequenting the house of a certain Princess Lydia Valanoff, who is the daughter-in-law that the countess would herself have chosen, she will, should he prove constant at the expiration of the year, no longer withhold her consent to his marriage with *Anna*. The count gladly accedes to her proposition, and departs at once, not being even permitted to say farewell to *Anna*, to whom he has never yet avowed his passion. Scarcely has he quitted the estate when the countess summons to her presence her priest, and one *Osip*, a young coachman, and forthwith causes *Anna* to be married to *Osip*, notwithstanding the agony and the supplications of the unhappy girl. Thus closes the first act, which is thrillingly dramatic, and in-

tensely interesting from one end to another. The manners and habits of the haughty Russian nobility, exercising despotic sway over their vassals, are painted with minute and delicate touches, while the interest of the spectator is at once aroused on behalf of the young lovers so cruelly and, as it seems, so irrevocably separated.

The action of the next scene occurs at St. Petersburg. We are present at a *soirée* given by the Princess Valanoff, who is a brilliant leader in society, though somewhat talked about withal. We are introduced to the sparkling *Vicomte de Toldé*, a French secretary of legation, and a very charming fellow he is—warm-hearted, witty, and *débonnaire*. The whole of this act is said to be from the pen of Alexandre Dumas. It is one scintillation of brilliancy from end to end, and reminds one of those pieces of jewelry that are wholly formed of close-set diamonds. Four months of the year of probation have elapsed. The Princess Lydia is madly in love with the Count Vladimir, but he remains constant to the image of his low-born love. His mother comes to St. Petersburg to seek him out, and to learn how her plans are succeeding. But soon after her arrival the Count learns of the marriage of *Anna*. Wild with rage and despair, he flies from his mother's presence after a scene of violent reproaches, and he declares that he will kill both *Anna* and her husband, and will then kill himself.

Peaceful, calm, and charming, is the next scene, the home of *Osip* and *Anna*, enfranchised by the Countess, and established by her in a position of trust on one of her distant estates. The sorrowing young wife, recognising the manly virtues and noble heart of her enforced spouse, dwells in tranquillity in sadness in her new abode. Mad with wrath and misery, Count Vladimir invades this peaceful home, he reproaches *Osip* with the benefits he once heaped upon him, recalls to him how he saved his father and mother from perishing beneath the knout, and, finally, maddened by the very patience of his former serf, he raises his whip to strike him. "Stay!" cries *Osip*, "and save yourself from a life-long repentance." He then tells the already half-remorseful Count that, though madly in love with *Anna*, he had only accepted her hand to save her from being wedded to another, that he has ever looked upon her as a sacred treasure confided to his care, and that he is ready to resign her to Vladimir as soon as the legal tie that unites them can be broken. "The law made her my wife," he says; "I made her my sister!"

There remains only the formality of procuring the divorce. The Princess Valanoff, with pretended magnanimity, offers to obtain it, but in reality uses all her endeavors to prevent its being given. She succeeds, and the Count in despair implores *Anna* to fly with him. But she refuses to hearken to his prayers, madly as she loves him. "I bear the name of one of the noblest of men," she replies, "and I will never dishonor it." It is *Osip* who again comes to solve the difficulty. By the laws of Russia, a marriage is dissolved if either one of the wedded pair decide to embrace a monastic life. But to do this, a special dispensation must be obtained from the czar. This *Osip* has procured, thanks to the intervention of a wealthy speculator, whom the Princess Lydia, with true aristocratic insolence, had grossly insulted, and who had vowed revenge. Thus *Anna* is free, the Countess gives her consent to the union, and the real hero of the piece, the noble, generous, self-sacrificing *Osip*, retires to his monastery.

From this necessarily brief analysis of this truly remarkable work, it will be seen that the plot is novel, forcible, and well worked out, and

that the characters are interesting and sympathetic. But, of course, it is impossible in so brief a sketch to give any idea of the delicacy of detail, the brilliancy of language, the abounding charm of the whole. The interpretation by the actors was of the very highest order. Masset as the noble and self-sacrificing hero, Povel as the sparkling and charming *Viscount*, and Made-moiselle Antonine as the evil and witching *Princess Lydia* (what a part that would have been for Croizette!), were all admirable. The great success of the evening, however, was obtained by M. Marais, a young *débutant*, who carried off the first prizes, both for tragedy and comedy, this season at the Conservatoire, and who took the part of *Count Vladimir*. The force and fire of his acting were really wonderful, and he was enthusiastically recalled after his great scene with the *Countess* in the second act. Mademoiselle Hélène Petit also made a great success in the rôle of *Anna*. Her tears, her entreaties, her agonized struggles against inevitable fate in the marriage-scene, were most ably and touchingly rendered.

The triumph of such a work, joining as it does the loftiest and purest of moral sentiments to the highest form of literary excellence, gives the spectator great hope for the future of the French stage. Like "*La Fille de Roland*," this fine comedy seems to mark the commencement of a new era in the history of Parisian dramatic literature.

I have left myself no space to quote any of the *bons-mots* wherewith the dialogue is studded. One, however, bears a political significance, and therefore needs recording. The *Vicomte de Toldé* is relating how, during a bear-hunt, *Count Vladimir* had saved him from being torn to pieces by a bear. The count replies: "You would have done as much in my place. A wild beast attacked an unarmed Frenchman, and a Russian saved him. And so long as there are Frenchmen, Russians, and wild beasts, it will always be so." A long and frenzied volley of applause saluted this speech, wherein a covert allusion was at once detected to the recent menaces of Prussia and the rumored intervention of the czar.

I must not fail to mention the *mise en scène* of the piece. Costumes and scenery are of the utmost exactitude, and extremely beautiful. The *salon* of the *Princess Valanoff*, hung and furnished with pale-blue satin, and opening on a conservatory filled with tropical plants, was loudly applauded. The interiors of the *Château de Shava*, and that of the *isba* of *Osip*, were faithful reproductions of Russian originals.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

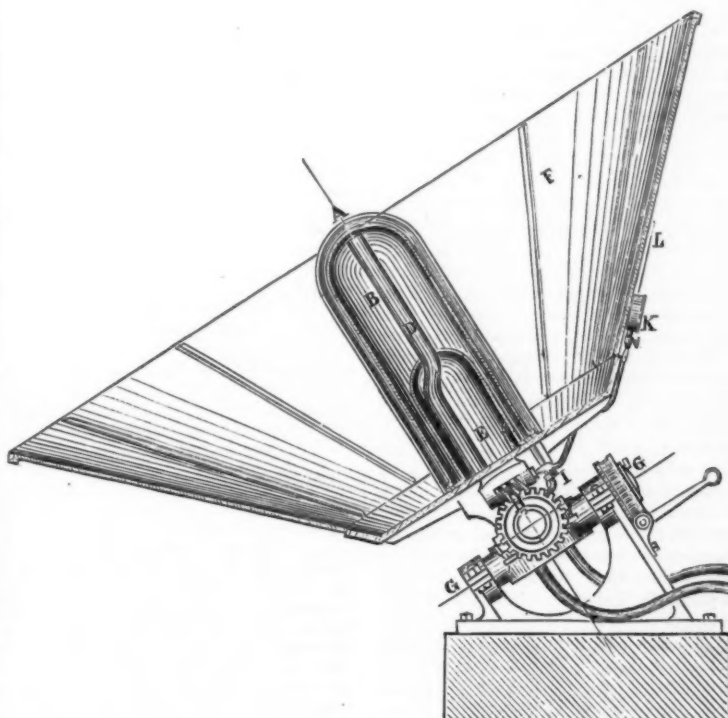
A NEW SOLAR BOILER.

THE century's record of mechanical and scientific progress, though an honorable one and full in certain departments, still needs the addition of several important achievements before it can be regarded as even reasonably complete. Devices for the application and utilization of mechanical force are abundant, but we are still woefully behind in the means by which this force may be generated, or the positive forces of Nature rendered available. Of these active natural forces over which man has as yet failed to gain efficient control, may be classed as most prominent those of the tides and waves, that of the wind, and the tremendous force which comes to us in the form of sunlight and heat.

No inquiring observer who has marked the energy that, by the aid of a simple burning-glass, can be concentrated upon any given point, there to be exercised in the form of heat, can have failed to question why the inventive genius of the age has not been able to construct some device by which this heat-force may be made efficient and active. The theme is not a new one, however, and that so many failures have attended the inventor's efforts only proves that Nature is frugal of her gifts, and waits to be entreated before she will grant her allegiance to any unaccustomed service.

Passing over the record of the many previous efforts which men have made to utilize the rays of the sun as an agent for generating heat in such a form and under such conditions that it may be applied to mechanical

the inner wall of the boiler at the point indicated. This boiler, constructed as illustrated below, stands in the centre of an inverted truncated cone, *F*, the interior surface of which is silvered or covered with mirrors in sections. *K* is a pressure-gauge, *J* a safety-valve, and *G* a mechanical device by means of which the proper relations of the mirrored surfaces to the sun may be maintained. This description and any special notice of M. Mouchot's device would be premature were it not that already satisfactory results have been obtained through its agency. We are told that experiments made with this apparatus at Tours proved that in forty minutes forty-four pounds of water could be raised from a temperature of 68° to 252° Fahr., and thence to a pressure of five atmospheres. In a second instance thirty-three pounds of wa-



purposes, we desire to direct attention to a recent effort in this direction, which, if reports are to be trusted, appears worthy of special notice. With a view to rendering the description of Mouchot's solar boiler more satisfactory, we present a sectional view of the device; and, before describing the method of its operation, the following definition of the several parts is given:

A is an ordinary glass shade known in the arts as a bell-glass. Inclosed within this glass case or shield, and concentric with it, is a blackened copper boiler, *B*, through the centre of which, and terminating near its arched roof, is a steam-pipe, *D*. Within this boiler is another arched vessel, *E*, somewhat smaller, leaving space around and above it for the water which is to furnish, when heated, the needed steam. A small supply-pipe enters

ter were raised from a temperature of 212° to that of 307° in less than fifteen minutes; and finally it was clearly demonstrated that in favorable weather eleven pounds of water could be evaporated in an hour. In all these cases the steam thus generated was employed for driving a pump.

As these results were attained by a device of given dimensions, a detailed description of the special apparatus used is needed to convey any just idea as to its actual value. This description may, however, be preceded by a brief notice of the methods by which the results were secured. The heat obtained is that projected by the mirrored sides of the parabolic reflector against the boiler within. The heat-rays, coming from the sun, toward which the mirrors are pointed, are concentrated upon the inclosed boiler, the exterior surface

of which is blackened. Within this boiler, as has been shown, is an annular space, which contains the water, and over all is the bell-glass.

The following is the inventor's description of his special device. It is composed, as has already been indicated, of three distinct parts—the metallic mirrors, the blackened boiler, the axis of which coincides with that of the cone, and a glass envelope, permitting the sun's rays to reach the boiler, but preventing their return. The ratio of the heat utilized with the surface thus isolated increases with the extent of this surface. The mirror has the form of a truncated cone, with parallel bases, and the generating line makes an angle of 45° with the axis of the cone. This is the best form that can be adopted, because the incident rays, striking parallel to the axis, are reflected normally to this axis, and give a heat area of maximum intensity for a given opening of mirror. The reflectors are formed of 12 silvered sectors, carried by an iron frame in grooves of which they slide. The diameter of opening is 112.3 inches at the top, and 39.3 inches at the bottom, giving an effective mirror area of about 45 square feet. The bottom of the mirror is formed of a cast-iron disk, to add weight to the apparatus. In the centre of this disk is placed the boiler, the height of which is equal to that of the mirror. It is of copper, blackened on the outside, and is formed of two concentric bell-shaped envelopes, connected at their base by a wrought-iron ring. The larger envelope is 31.5 inches high, and the smaller 19.68 inches, their respective diameters are 11.02 inches and 8.66 inches. The water is introduced between these two envelopes, so that it forms a cylinder 1.18 inch thick. The amount of water does not exceed 4.4 gallons, and about one-third of the annular space is left as a steam-chamber. The inner envelope remains empty; it is furnished on one side with a copper pipe leading from the steam-chamber and connected with the motor by a flexible tube. At the foot of the boiler is placed the feed-water tube. The glass envelope or bell is 15.75 inches in diameter, and 33.46 inches high, the thickness of the glass being two inches thick. A space of nearly two inches is thus left between the sides of the glass and the copper envelope.

Thus arranged, the apparatus is mounted on an inclined axis, the angle of which can be made to correspond with the motion of the sun, and a rotating movement of 13° per hour can also be given to it. To effect this double object, the apparatus is carried on trunnions resting on a shaft perpendicular to their axis, and this shaft forms, from north to south with the horizon, an angle corresponding to the latitude of the place. Two movements result from this arrangement which permit the apparatus to follow the course of the sun, since by a half-revolution it turns from sunrise to sunset, while by an annual rotation of 46° at most, on the trunnions, it is brought opposite the sun in all positions. This double movement is effected by means of worm-gearing, the first being repeated at half-hour intervals, the second every eight days.

Should continued experiments with en-

larged apparatus prove the efficacy of this device, there still remains one radical need before its introduction into actual service can be expected. It is evident that, in order to generate force by this agency, the direct rays of the sun are needed. As the securing of these is dependent upon the absence of clouds, it is evident that there should accompany this device a second, by the use of which the force, when generated, may be accumulated or stored, to be distributed and utilized when needed. The problem is an old one, though still unanswered, and yet, until it is answered, all hopes of securing efficient aid from the intermitted forces of Nature, such as that inherent in the waves and tides, the winds or the sun, must prove futile.

An important service seems here to have been rendered, and the record of progress to which we have alluded demands another name should be added, that of "accumulator" or "distributor" of mechanical force.

THE *London Daily Telegraph*, under whose patronage, with that of the *New York Herald*, Mr. Stanley is making his African explorations, is in the receipt of additional information regarding Lieutenant Cameron and his expedition. It now appears that Cameron's return to England may be somewhat delayed, as he was to remain at Loanda until an opportunity arrived for sending his men home by the Cape to the east coast. It is also announced that this traveler has accumulated some very valuable geographical materials and other general scientific information. Our readers have already learned that this explorer, when last heard from previous to this final appearance, had just entered upon the exploration of a large river flowing out of Lake Tanganyika in a southwesterly direction, and which was then believed to be the head-waters of the Congo. We now learn that the explorer, while tracing the course of this stream, came upon a new lake, which he named "Livingstone." From this lake a second stream emerged, tending westward; believing that this must be the Congo, Cameron continued his exploration, though finally his advance was interrupted by the resistance of hostile tribes. Instead of attempting to force a passage across this hostile territory, the line of march was at once directed homeward. It would be unjust hastily to condemn this "peace policy," which was, it may be, also one of prudence, in view of the fact, as announced, that a battle would have been at the risk of losing his journals and papers. We must, however, claim that the comparison between his course and the more vigorous measures of Stanley is an unjust one. We have no doubt that had Lieutenant Cameron felt sure of the result he would not have hesitated to force his way through the enemy's country, and rather than condemn Stanley for his bravery and zeal, we should regret that Cameron was not so equipped as to justify a similar aggressive policy. One thing is certain, the outside world means to know more of this *terra incognita*, "peaceably if it can, forcibly if it must." The central figure is now a single man, the brave and zealous Stanley, and may success attend him and "bring him safely home!"

AN English chemist has recently been engaged upon an analysis of the printing-inks used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with a view to reproducing them for the purpose of printing books or works of art which it is important to preserve for long periods. From a report of these investigations we learn that the

ink at present in use consists of carbon in a fine state of division, ground up with a mixture of oils, soaps, and a substance called printer's varnish, which, in all good printing-ink, is linseed-oil specially prepared. It is by means of this oil, when properly prepared, that the ink or pigment adheres firmly to the paper. Mr. Tichborne has examined specimens printed in different parts of Europe, and finds that "the older printing-inks are more easily saponified and washed off by alkalis than those of the last century. In their general character," he remarks, "they agree, as carbon seems to have been the basis of printing-ink from the time of Johann Faust, and for this reason printed matter will bear the action of acid oxidizers, or bleachers, with impunity; but many if not all of the printing-inks of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are more or less sensitive to the action of alkalis. Some are so extremely sensitive that, on introducing them to a weak solution of ammonia, the characters instantly float off the surface of the paper, although they may have previously withstood the action of a powerful acid bleaching-bath. The only explanation offered is, that the oils used as vehicles were not formerly submitted to the boiling process which, in the modern inks, has thoroughly resinsified them." In view of these facts it may be of interest to learn that certain French chemists have been successful in obtaining a serviceable printing-ink from coal-oil.

PROFESSOR HAECKEL, the distinguished German evolutionist, in a recent work, announces the discovery of a new law relating to the increase and promulgation of scientific knowledge. While candor prompts us to acknowledge the justice of his statement, we are yet compelled to leave the reasons for its truthfulness undefined, unless it be true that wealth is essentially enervating in its tendency and influence. This law, as formulated by Professor Haeckel, is as follows: "In all the magnificent scientific institutes founded in America by Agassiz, the following empirical law, long recognized in Europe, has been confirmed—viz., that the scientific work of these institutes and the intrinsic value of their publications stand in an inverse ratio to the magnitude of the buildings and the splendid appearance of their volumes. . . . I need only refer," he adds, "to the small and miserable institutes and the meagre resources with which Baer in Königsberg, Schleiden in Jena, Johannes Müller in Berlin, Liebig in Giessen, Virchow in Würzburg, Gegenbaur in Jena, have not only advanced their special science most extensively, but have actually created new spheres for them. Compare with these the colossal expenditure and the luxurious apparatus in the grand institutes of Cambridge, Leipsic, and other so-called great universities. What have they produced in proportion to their means?"

WE learn from *Nature* that a private gentleman, being about to make a voyage to the West Indies in pursuit of objects of interest in natural science, has arranged to avail himself of the companionship and scientific services of the Rev. H. H. Higgins, of Liverpool. He will probably be away about four months cruising about the islands, and he will take with him two gentlemen—one a draughtsman, and the other a collector, from the William Brown Street Museum, Liverpool. The expedition is made expressly for observations and collections in zoology and botany, and Mr. Higgins will have an opportunity of carrying on dredging operations. Very advantageous terms have, we believe, been arranged as to the division of the treasures which will be the result of the voyage. Mr. Higgins will be glad to receive suggestions with regard to the work he is about to undertake. We shall watch with especial interest the progress of this new expedition for a two-

fold reason: first, that it is a *private enterprise*, and is thus organized in accord with our freely-expressed views as regards the proper character which should mark all strictly scientific movements; and, again, its field of exploration is adjacent to our own shores, and hence the results can but prove of exceptional interest to American naturalists and explorers.

THE cause of temperance—than which none is more just or deserving of an enlightened sympathy and support—may yet prove to be the sufferer from what at one time promised to be its gain. Information now comes to us that the ravages of the *Phylloxera* among the vines of France have caused attempts to be made to discover a new kind of beverage which shall answer as a substitute for the juice of the grape. The Marquis de Villeneuve reports that in China a pseudo-wine called *tsien-ia* is much used, which is concocted from a preparation of four plants indigenous to the country. These plants are dried, and their powder made into a paste, which is afterward moulded into cakes. One square or ball of this will, it is said, make several pints of a fermented liquor that resembles wine. A brandy may also be made from the same sources. We are aware that there exists a difference of opinion as to the actual value or rather need of some mild alcoholic beverage, and yet, finding no logical sequence in the statement that, if men do not drink wine, they will drink something stronger, we are prone to regard the introduction of a new alcoholic beverage as a calamity to be avoided rather than a need to be met.

Miscellanea.

OF "Spelling-Bees," now all the rage in England, the *London Daily News* writes as follows:

The Eastern king who offered a prize to the man who should show him a new pleasure, might indeed possibly have cut off the head of any inventive member of the sect of Magi who should have proposed a spelling-bee. And yet a spelling-bee is emphatically a new diversion, though not exactly of the sort to stimulate a jaded Oriental voluptuary. The combined enjoyments of detecting the ignorance of other people, of displaying one's own acquirements, and the excitement of a close struggle with a sharp competitor, are all new sensations in their way. Thus spelling-bees share one of the merits of skating on wheels and of water polo—they offer a novel form of amusement, even if the amusement be not of the very freshest and liveliest sort. Still, it is something to be new, and as spelling-bees can do no harm, except perhaps that of encouraging intellectual pride in the victor, while they afford a cheap entertainment in long winter nights, they deserve encouragement. These are not very positive merits, but the patrons of bees may claim for them an educational influence. They make people aware of their own weak points, and it is a great thing to know these. "A man's nature is often hidden within him," says an old Icelandic proverb, with more psychological acuteness than might be expected from Vikings and sea-rovers. Spelling-bees bring part of a man's nature prominently before himself and his friends, and he may be startled by the revelation that he cannot spell "believe" or "receive," or that he is all at sea among the *P's* and *B's* in "parallel-pipedon." Self-knowledge is the beginning of reformation, and dictionaries will be bought and studied, and out-of-the-way words curiously noted by readers and writers who have long thought themselves immaculate spellers. In this way the bee acts as a sort of humble handmaid to phi-

lology and to literature. The competitors are obliged to ask themselves why such and such a word is written as it is, and in no other way, and this study will soon take them into Greek and Latin etymology. It will be well for them, perhaps, to imitate the caution of Mr. Brookes in "Middlemarch," and draw the line before they come to Sanskrit. "I went into these things a good deal at one time," says Mr. Brookes, "but I pulled up; it doesn't do to go too far, you know." Very few people will be carried too far and neglect their business to hunt words through etymological dictionaries. Still, even if they did, their industry would deserve more praise than that of the rather numerous class which pursues the lights of double acrostics, like wandering fires, through indexes and encyclopædias. Index learning, though it has been said to "hold the eel of science by the tail," results in nothing better than smattering; etymology, on the other hand, though it begins in sport, may end in amusement not more light and joyous than the "Divisions of Purley." To trace the pedigrees of words, from a curiosity excited by the spelling of words, may thus lead to the study of the laws of language, the characters of races, the nature of things.

THE series of papers on "German Home-Life," from which we have frequently quoted, terminated in the January *Fraser*, the topics being "Marriage" and "Children." The subjoined is not a very agreeable picture of "woman's sphere" in Germany.

We, in England, are accustomed to think that, be her lord and master never so lordly and masterful, a woman reigns, as a rule, supreme in her own house; on matters of domestic detail, be he otherwise never so despotic, he will scarcely presume to speak, nor does his voice, loud enough perhaps otherwise, often make itself heard on questions of household arrangement. Meddling men are altogether exceptional and irregular in English households.

The precise contrary obtains in Germany; the husband is the king, the wife merely the prime-minister. He sits in his arm-chair smoking perennial pipes, and auditing, with all the severity of a Lycurgus, the poor little woman's abject accounts. He knows all about the butter and dripping, swears at excesses in soap and sauerkraut, is abusive as to fuel, tyrannical as to candles and red-herrings, and terrible on eggs and bacon. A woman is no more mistress of her own house in Germany than you or I (despite the Laureate) are masters of our fate. She is simply an upper servant; nay, of many a gently-born and gently-bred lady it may be said that the dull drudgery of her life is such as no upper servant would endure, such as would be scarcely tolerable to "the maid that does the meanest charrs." The maid can at least creep into dim obscurity when her hours of work are at an end; but the lady has to clothe herself in such raiment as her station is supposed to demand, and to leave weariness of the flesh and vexation of spirit in the kitchen with the pots and pans. The lady in black silk (really an "upper servant") who consents to superintend the Browns' gorgeous establishment, for the moderate consideration of fifty pounds a year (everything found, and no indelicate inquiries as to perquisites), would scorn to employ herself in the menial manner common to many noble ladies in Germany. Do I not, for instance, remember my neighbor, pretty little Baroness B—, like the maid in the nursery-rhyme, standing "in the garden, hanging out the clothes?" Have I not gazed with a tender admiration (of which to this day she is unaware) at Frau von C—'s fair face, as I watched her

from my window, ironing her husband's shirt-fronts all through a blazing afternoon, while now and again a diamond-drop would roll from her brow and fall, audibly hissing, on the iron? Have I not seen, with a sadness I dared not show, the indefatigable Hauptmännin von Z— baking, boiling, stewing, pounding, sifting, weighing, peeling, with an energy that positively paralyzed me at my post of observation? She would chaffer with the peasants who brought butter and eggs to the kitchen-door, cheapening their already miraculously cheap offerings; she would scold the slavey (who, as we know, is no slavey at all), tap her girls smartly on the shoulders, and rap her boys over the knuckles, and never ask for change or rest. . . .

We are accustomed to think of Germans that they are a domestic people. The truth is, that of domesticities there is enough and to spare, but of domestic life, as we understand it, little or nothing. Beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping, under one roof, the sexes have little in common. The woman is a slave of the ring; for the wife the baking and brewing, for the husband the cakes and ale; for her the toiling and spinning, for him the beer and skittles; for her the sheep-walk of precedent and the stocking of virtue, for him the parading and prancings; for her the nippings and screwings, for him the pipings and dancings; for her the dripping-jar and the meal-tub, for him stars and garters, and general gallooning, glitter, and sublimity.

The subjoined seems an echo of the lament and prognostications of our own physicians:

German physicians will tell you, with jeremiads prolonged and sonorous, that the women of their country—the women of the upper classes, that is—are totally unfitted for the fatigues and duties of maternity. By inheritance, by education, by prejudice, by continued intermarriages, by defective diet, poor nourishment, horror of exercise, hatred of fresh air and cold water, the German lady has persistently enervated herself from generation to generation. "Look at our prettiest girls!" cried an eminent physician to me; "they are like those flowers that bloom their brief hour and fade, and fall to make room for fresh blossoms, who, in turn, will bloom, fade, and fall also. They are all *bleichsüchtig*; they cannot fulfill the functions that Nature intended every mother should fulfill—not one here or there, but all; they have no constitution, no stamina, no nerve, no *physique*, no *race*." The type is indistinct and blurred, marred by certain constitutional defects that you point out to them in vain; there is a want of lime-deposit in the bone system, hence the terrible teeth that mark a German woman's nationality nine times out of ten. How can they have *pluch* and nerve, and sound, firm flesh, strong muscle and healthy bone, if they have no fresh air, no regular exercise, no proper nourishment, and, above all, no desire to change, alter, or amend the order of their unhealthy lives? For with *them* the question of reform in matters hygienic principally lies; but they turn a deaf ear to warning, think they are more comfortable as they are, and don't disguise the impatience they feel at our professional pratings.

"But perhaps it doesn't matter so very much apart from individual comfort; for look at your men, what a stalwart race they are."

"That is true; the man's education helps him over the stumbling-block of inherited maladies; he nourishes himself well, lives in the open air, and assimilates his food. For the rest, a man's neck and shoulders are not bared; and if he loses his teeth, provident Nature hides the gaps by an opportune mustache. No!" cried the hopeless reformer, "if ever reform be feasible, it will be

feasible only through German women themselves, and no German woman will ever see it, and to no other woman would they for a moment consent to listen!"

An article in *Temple Bar* on Mazarin, evidently by the same hand that wrote the preceding paper on Richelieu, closes as follows:

The character of Mazarin is fully portrayed in the events of his life; how poor it appears beside the Satanic grandeur of his predecessor! it is all mean and mediocre. "Eight years of absolute and tranquil power from his return until his death were marked by no establishment, either glorious or useful," remarks Voltaire. With all his cunning and subtlety, his knowledge of human nature was very shallow. Judging from himself, he believed interest to be the ruling passion of all men, and seldom or never in his calculations made allowance for vanity, pride, self-love, and woman-love, which determine more than the half of human actions. Self-interest is the usual goal we propose upon starting, but we so often wander out of the straight road into enticing-looking by-paths, in the mazes of which we sometimes lose ourselves, and never find the way back. It is said that Mazarin completed Richelieu's work; truly he followed up the policy of his great predecessor as far as his own dissimilar nature would permit him; but the one was an oak that braved every tempest unflinchingly, the other a reed that bent before the storm, and, when it was past, rose up straight and supple as before. Richelieu was half lion, half fox; Mazarin was all fox and no lion. Richelieu had given an impetus to his work that carried it resistlessly on to its appointed end; he would have crushed the Fronde in fewer weeks than it existed years, and but for what he had done it would have assumed proportions terrible as the League, but he had crippled the hands which would have made it so, and his mighty genius asserted itself even in the grave.

Mazarin possessed one amiable virtue—clemency. His whole career is unmarked by one vindictive or sanguinary act; never had minister caused so little blood to flow by the axe, and never had minister enemies more numerous and bloodthirsty. This is rare and unique praise for a man of that age. But we must remember that the Italians were at least a century in advance of the French in civilization. Let us not, however, grudge him this virtue, for he had few others.

A CORRESPONDENT at Quincy, Illinois, writes as follows:

While reading the letter of your Paris correspondent, Mrs. Hooper, in the number of the *JOURNAL* for January 13th, I had, as usual, a pencil in my hand, and after the passage, "The witches" (in "Macbeth") "were simply ridiculous," I scribbled the words, "as they always are." I do not intend to inflict upon you any views or opinions of the magnificent tragedy or the performers I have seen enact the various *roles* it contains: suffice to mention that I have yet to witness my ideal of "Macbeth;" but, while it has been my lot to see the play rendered in good style and by fine actors and actresses on several occasions, I believe that the witches have always been made the vehicle of a vast amount of buffoonery certainly very foreign and ill-timed. Usually the part of the *First Witch* is assumed by a man, and that man is very likely to be the low comedian of the company; he is out of his element, of course, but deems it necessary to *show off* in some way, and, not being of sufficiently high artistic standing to appreciate the

part assigned to him, and act to the best of his ability, the "funny man" must needs put in some "gag" by word or action, and so convert what was intended to be a weird, ghostly scene into a wretched farce. I remember particularly, some years ago, in New Orleans, when Mr. Edwin Booth played *Macbeth* (a character which, by-the-way, he does not understand, although his *Richard* and *Richelieu* are superb), there was an excellent comedian called Fiske, who, on the occasion referred to, played the part of *First Witch*; he was an inveterate gagger, and, as it proved, could not even let Shakespeare alone, for he commenced in the third scene of the second act, on the heath, just before the entrance of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*—just after "Peace! the charm's wound up!" Mr. Fiske turned around so as to face the audience, and, leaning on his staff—or rather *old-clothes prop*—gave a wink and a leer that would have been admirable and quite legitimate, no doubt, in "Barney the Baron," and followed this up whenever he appeared again with such other additions as he thought proper. Of course, he did not neglect the incantation scene in the cave; I do not believe that I can remember a single instance where this has not been made the occasion for the grossest and most ridiculous buffoonery. There is not a single scene in "Macbeth" that the author ever intended to be comic, but it would seem that there is not a dramatic company in existence which does not contain some performer who thinks himself called upon to add something by way of *improvement* (?), and so convert a sublime tragedy into a farce. With whom does the fault lie, and where shall the remedy be found? I leave the answer to you, or some other correspondent.—L. H. C.

The personation of the witches in "Macbeth" by comedians is a very old practice, and is retained with that zealous regard for tradition which actors always exhibit. But, while the witches are still acted by comedians, the personation in all our better theatres here, while grotesque and weird, is no longer permitted to be comic.

We derive from Mr. Frost's "Lives of the Conjurers" a description written by the Rev. Mr. Caunter of the basket-trick common among the conjurers of India:

A stout, ferocious-looking fellow stepped forward, with a common wicker-basket of the country, which he begged we would carefully examine. This we accordingly did; it was of the slightest texture, and admitted the light through a thousand apertures. Under this fragile covering he placed a child about eight years old, an interesting little girl, habited in the only garb which Nature had provided for her, perfect

of frame and elastic of limb—a model for a cherub, and scarcely darker than a child of Southern France. When she was properly secured, the man, with a lowering aspect, asked her some question, which she instantly answered, and, as the thing was done within a few feet from the spot on which we were seated, the voice appeared to come so distinctly from the basket that I felt at once satisfied there was no deception.

They held a conversation for some moments, when the juggler, almost with a scream of passion, threatened to kill her. There was a stern reality in the whole scene which was perfectly dismaying; it was acted to the life, but terrible to see and hear. The child was heard to beg for mercy, when the juggler seized a sword, placed his foot upon the frail wicker covering under which his supposed victim was so piteously supplicating his forbearance, and, to my absolute consternation and horror, plunged it through, withdrawing it several times, and repeating the plunge with all the blind ferocity of an excited demon. By this time his countenance exhibited an expression fearfully indicative of the most frantic of human passions. The shrieks of the child were so real and distracting that they almost curdled for a few moments the whole mass of my blood: my first impulse was to rush upon the monster, and fell him to the earth; but he was armed and I defenseless. I looked at my companions—they appeared to be pale and paralyzed with terror; and yet these feelings were somewhat neutralized by the consciousness that the man could not dare to commit a deliberate murder in the broad eye of day, and before so many witnesses; still the whole thing was appalling.

The blood ran in streams from the basket; the child was heard to struggle under it; her groans fell horridly upon the ear; her struggles smote painfully upon the heart. The former were gradually subdued into a faint moan, and the latter into a slight rustling sound; we seemed to hear the last convulsive gasp which was to see her innocent soul free from the gored body, when to our inexpressible astonishment and relief, after muttering a few cabalistic words, the juggler took up the basket; but no child was to be seen. The spot was indeed dyed with blood; but there were no mortal remains, and, after a few moments of undissembled wonder, we perceived the little object of our alarm coming toward us from among the crowd. She advanced and saluted us, holding out her hand for our donations, which we bestowed with hearty good-will; she received them with a most graceful salaam, and the party left us well satisfied with our more than expected gratuity. What rendered the deception the more extraordinary was, that the man stood aloof from the crowd during the whole performance—there was not a person within several feet of him.

Notices.

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